- PERUSINA
- PETRIC
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- PORTAL
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PERUSINA

AVERY
PV110

THE PERUSINA FAMILY

By John Perusina

March, 1975

For more than sixty years now I've had a love affair with a place called Cupertino. This is where my father settled seventy-one years ago. This is where my brothers, sister and I were raised, and this is where I've raised my family.

The Perusina family originated in Jugoslavia on the Dalmatian Coast. It was there that my grandparents, Miho and Katherine Perusina farmed their land with the help of their eight children.

Five of their children eventually migrated to the United States. The first to do so was their oldest son John. In 1902 he settled in the Cupertino area. He was attracted to this particular spot because so many of his countrymen had already settled here. John found employment here as a ranch hand for $1.00 a day, plus room and board.

In 1904 my father, the second oldest son, Nick Perusina, migrated to this country and, like his brother John, he chose to settle in Cupertino. He found employment on the Nick Zarevich Ranch on Stevens Creek Road.

In 1906, shortly after the San Francisco earthquake, John left California and traveled to Butte, Montana, where he found work in the copper mines. He returned to Jugoslavia in 1908 where he resided until his death.

My father continued on in the Cupertino area and after the 1906 earthquake, he became a teamster for the McGuinis firm in Sunnyvale. The firm was hauling gravel from the gravel pits which are still located at Butcher's Corners between Sunnyvale and Santa Clara. The gravel was hauled by horse and wagon to the Sunnyvale railroad depot where it was loaded onto railroad cars and transported to San Francisco for the reconstruction of the city.

After a few more years as a teamster and ranch hand, my father then became ranch foreman on the Frank J. Murphy ranch located on Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road at the Azule railroad crossing.

In the spring of 1910, Karle Stepovich, a young lady from Jugoslavia, came to California and settled with her brother on Prospect Road in Cupertino. Nick Perusina fell in love with Karle and a romance developed. They were married that same year in St. Joseph of Cupertino Church.

The couple was blessed with their first child, Mitchell, in 1911.

In 1912 they purchased a five acre ranch on Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road, just south of Prospect Road. For the next few years they continued living on the Murphy Ranch. My father maintained his job as foreman while farming his own five acres at the same time.

In 1913 my parents had their second son, Walter. I was born in 1915, and my brother Carl arrived in 1917. It wasn't until 1919 that Nick and Karle were blessed with their only daughter, Catherine.

By this time, they had a home built on their small ranch and were living on their own land. A carpenter built the home for them charging $5.00 for a ten hour day.

My parents purchased their first autombile, a Model T Ford, in 1918. It was in the summer of that year, during the prune harvest that heavy rains came and ruined the crops for all the growers in the valley. Prunes were sun dried at that time; one summer storm could wipe out an entire year's crop.

Transporting the harvested crops in those days was quite a bit different than we know it today. Boxes of fruit were stacked onto large wagons and were then pulled by horses to the first companies. I remember my father taking his prunes to a buyer by the name of Russell. He was located in Saratoga on Highway 9 south of Pierce Road. I believe the price of prunes was something like 1 1/2¢ per pound. Dried apricots sold for 5¢ a pound. We later sold our fruit to the Rosenberg Brothers in Santa Clara and after that to the Sunsweet Co-op.

One memory I have of living on Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road is sitting under a prune tree watching the army march by. They were coming from the presidio in San Francisco and marching to Monterey. After camping one night on the Stanford campus, they were now continuing on their way. The cook wagons were the first to go by; they were followed by the infantry. These foot soldiers wanted to be sure to precede the calvary

which followed on horses. The caissons were the last to come by. This military parade would last all day and made it difficult for a young boy to keep his mind on his chores.

In 1920 my parents purchased a 25 acre ranch on Johnson Avenue and moved the family there in 1921. The new ranch was planted in prunes, apricots, and peaches. The children attended the Lincoln School at Saratoga-Sunnyvale and Prospect Roads and then later the Cupertino Union Grammar School and Fremont High School.

To feed the family, my parents worked long, hard hours raising and preserving vegetables and fruits. Chickens were raised the year around, and hogs were butchered every fall. Ham, bacon, and sausage was home cured. Home-made bread was baked twice a week. For other needs, such as groceries, implements, fertilizers, and such, articles were purchased at the Cupertino General Store operated by Mr. Arch Wilson and Mr. Harold Dixon. Credit was always extended to the local ranchers until after their fruit harvests.

When there was a little extra money I remember the special times we had as kids when we took the streetcar into San Jose. We'd get on the car at Saratoga and Prospect Road. For 10¢ we could ride to First Street in San Jose. There, we spent 15¢ each to see the latest movie. If times were good, we could afford another 15¢ to splurge at the creamery. We had to have another 10¢ for our return trip home. Our night on the town would cost us a total of 50¢ each. That was big money to us and those excursions were not too frequent but always very special.

Both of my parents became citizens of the United States and were very proud of this fact. They were kind, understanding people who were always ready to help their friends and neighbors in any way they could.

As busy as my father was, working in the orchards all day, he still found time to sit down and write poetry in the evenings. A number of his poems, written in Jugoslav, were published in a Jugoslav book circulated throughout the States.

As the years went by, my brothers, Mitchell and Walter turned to ranching in the area. I entered the Santa Clara County Sheriff's Office as a deputy in 1939. Carl became an auto and tractor mechanic under the guidance of Louis Paviso in Cupertino

and later operated his own shop on the home ranch. My sister Catherine found employment with the Bank of America in Santa Clara.

At the outbreak of World War II, Walter and I entered the army and both served three years in the South Pacific.

My father passed away at O'Connor Hospital in San Jose in 1955 at the age of 69. My mother died of a heart attack while on a trip to Nevada in 1961. She was 70 years old.

This does not complete the Perusina family picture. Five of Miho and Katherine's children migrated to the United States. Another one to do so was my Uncle Mike. He arrived in Cupertino in 1911. The last stage of his voyage from Jugoslavia was an electric trolley car ride to Cupertino from San Jose. He disembarked the trolley at Blaney Avenue. He stood there on a lonely country road in a new land, not knowing how to speak the language and found there was no one there to greet him. Mr. Nick Bagar, a local Jugoslav rancher, happened by with his horse and buggy and rescued Mike and drove him to his brother's house.

Mike soon found employment on a local ranch where he was paid $1.50 for a day's work. He later settled on Miller Avenue in Cupertino and farmed property which is now part of Cupertino High School. He also purchased additional property and married Anne Knezevic. They have been married for fifty years now and presently reside in the Los Gatos-Almaden area.

There is also a sister, Nellie Perusina Zec, who migrated from Jugoslavia. She settled in Chicago in 1910 and soon after married. She and her husband moved to Cupertino in 1911(?) where they purchased a small ranch on Saratoga Avenue. Part of their ranch is now a section of 280 Freeway.

Antone, the youngest brother to migrate to the States, came to Cupertino in 1923. After several years in the area, he then moved to Lodi, California. He married and he and his wife settled down in a large vineyard. Antone raised grapes in Lodi until his death in 1967. His widow still lives in the Lodi area.

There have been a lot of changes in this valley since my family first settled here. A lot of its original natural beauty has been altered by freeways and homes and other

buildings. The orchards that once dominated the land are rapidly diminishing. The heritage and pride in this area, however, still live in the people that have grown and changed with it.

Nick and Karle Perusina Family, c. 1920

The Bart and Julia Petric Family

by Dorothy Petric Zeszutek

April 1991

A Bit Of European Background - Slavic Struggles

About 4000 years ago when Europe was divided into the Eastern-Western Roman Empire, Austro-Hungarian Empire and the Russian Principalities, the Slavic people were having a difficult time finding territories where they could plant their roots. They started in the Danube basin, Northeast of the Carpathian Mountains, which is now the Russian-Romanian border. Wherever they tried to settle, the surrounding countries and their peoples tried to take control of them, so their constant struggle kept them moving south. The Germans, Greeks, Italians, Russians, Turks and Hungarians all had their turn to dominate or push them away.

History Of The Family Name

In the 14th century, when Italy was a strong country, Venice, which was part of Italy, broke away from its mother country and took control of the Slavic people. Records show that later, in 1682, a Coat Of Arms was bestowed upon the prestigious Petricioli Family, giving the name an Italian pronunciation rather than Slavic. By the late 16th century, the Ottoman-Turks and Hungarians held them in their control, and finally the Austro-Hungarians. The Slavic people were determined to be independent, so the family called Petricioli, along with many other Slavic people, escaped from the Italian, Ottoman-Turks and Hungarian control, and moved farther south almost to the border of Greece. During this move south, the Petricioli family name lost it's Italian pronunciation and the name was changed to Petriz. It's a blending of Slavic pronunciation and Arolic-Cyrillia cultures. This new name was recorded in the late 16th century at a Catholic church on the Island of Solta, just off the central coast of what Yugoslavia is today.

A New Country

It wasn't until 1918 and World War I, that the Slavs finally gained their independence when the Austria-Hungarian Empire dismembered. *The country of Yugoslavia was born.* A strip of land roughly 800 miles long by 350 miles at its widest point, Yugoslavia is surrounded by Austria and Hungary to the North, Romania to the northeast, Bulgaria to the east, Greece and Albania to the south, the Adriatic Sea and Italy to the west.

With their independence in 1921, Yugoslavia became a Constitutional Monarchy. On November 29, 1945, they formed a federal peoples republic, comprising the Socialist Republic of Bosnia and Hercegovina, Montenergro, Croatia, Macedonia, Slovenia and Serbia. Each republic gathered their own little group of Slavic people, with each speaking their own Slavic dialect.

Bartul Petric

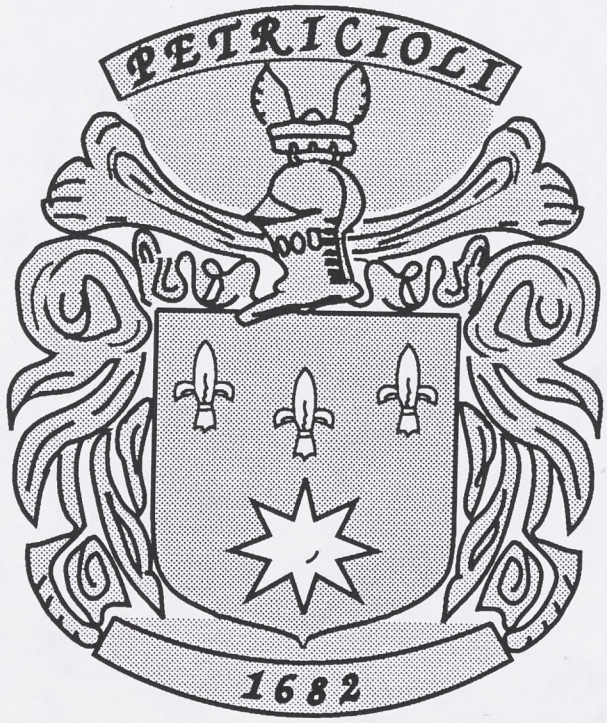

Illustration of the Family Crest

The California Genealogical Society's 8th Annual '93

Family History Fair

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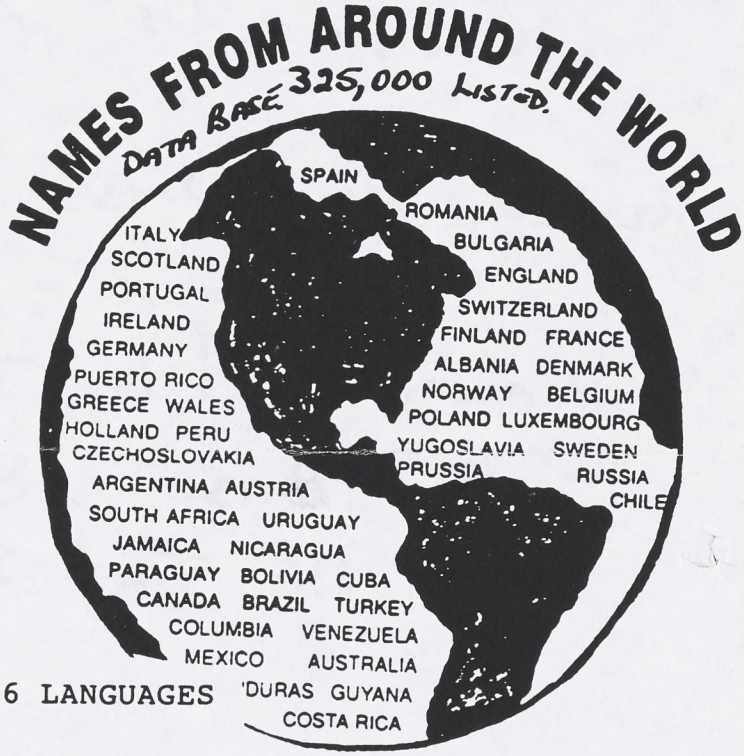

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PETRIC FAMILY

COAT OF ARMS

BLAZON OF ARMS:- AZURE (BLUE) :- (GOLD)
3 FLUER - DE - LIS. IN OR.
PLACED. 2 & 1 IN CHIEF.
IN BASE 8 POINTED STAR
OF THE SECOND. ie GOLD

CREST. OUT OF A DUCAL CROWN.
in OR (GOLD) A VOL PROPER.

Petrie Family Crest 1682

Family Roots and Their Final New Name

Off the central west coast of this territory now called Yugoslavia, is the Island of Solta. As my ancestors moved southwest during the push to escape being controlled and to settle someplace, they planted their roots on this little island surrounded by the beautiful Adriatic Sea. By the time my grandparents were born, the Z in Petriz was dropped and changed to C. (Petriz to Petric) The C was more a Croatian pronunciation, as in Petrich.

My grandfather, Marin Petric, was born on the island of Solta in December 1842. My grandmother, Austica Barckic, was born on the same island in June 1841. They married in 1860 and were blessed with five sons and one daughter. Ante, born in 1866, Zepharin in 1872, Simun in 1875, Andrea in 1878, and Bartul on August 10, 1885, which was my father. Their only daughter, Maria, was born in 1881.

The island of Solta is rocky, and all the homes are made of stone. My fathers home still stands and is now 500 years old. It is presently uninhabited, as all the old folks are gone, and the younger generation have moved to the larger cities of their mother country, or have left to start new lives in other countries.

My grandparents had a vineyard where they raised grapes to make wine which they sold to others and for their own use. They raised their own fruits and vegetables, as well as animals for meat. They fished from the Adriatic Sea which surrounded them. Today in the 1990's, a few relatives are still working their soils as a family unit, and fishing from the Adriatic Sea. My nephew George Vierra, Jr. and wife Bobbie from St. Helena, California can attest to that, from their visit to Solta in 1983.

Coming To America - Bartul Petric

Bartul, Marin and Maria's youngest son, was the adventurous one. He had heard about this wonderful, young, free, opportune country called America. He had an aunt and uncle, and some cousins already living in Chicago, Illinois. His dream and goal was to come to America to see for himself what this great country had to offer. He had his passage to sail the sea to come to this country, but he knew he had to work along the way to see some of the rest of this world. There was no better time than when he was young, strong, free and feeling adventuresome.

Bartul said his farewells to his parents, sister and brothers in 1913, when he was in his early twenties. His passage list his mother country as Austria, as Yugoslavia had still not become an independent soverign. From Austria, he boarded a ship which took him to New Zealand, and then on to Australia where he worked in the gold mines for two years. He never lost his goal however, which was to come to the United States, as his final destination. From Australia he boarded another ship which stopped off at the island of Tahiti. He spoke fondly of this island and it's great beauty. He arrived in the United States from the west coast side in 1915. He traveled directly to Chicago, Illinois where

Bart Petric-Solta Island off Coast of Yugoslavia Julia Hrozenci K=Seventi Martin near Budapest-Czech

1983 Solta Island
off the coast of Yugoslavia

Top picture is the typical terrain seen in the Central portion around Gornje Selo, Island of Solta - the village shown here is about six miles from where our father was born The whole island is surrounded by the beautiful Adriatic Sea.

Lush vineyards and typical stone house just outside Gornje Selo, Solta.

Lower right - new modern home built on Island of Solta surrounded by Adriatic Sea

Lower left - Solta Monument built to honor World War II dead three Petrics are on this monument

1983 in Donje Selo on the Island of Solta

Top picture is just outside the court yard where Bartual Petric was born and lived to his early 20's Barts grandson, George Jr. (red sweater) points to the house my father was born

Middle and lower pictures are views of the inner court-yards where my fathers parents Marin and Austica, raised their 5 sons and one daughter during the 1800's.

These Stone homes are at least 500 yrs old today, 1990's. The Petric's have lived in them for 200 yrs. My fathers former home has been boarded up and closed, as the old people have passed on and most younger people have left their village

V

FACTS FOR PETITION FOR NATURALIZATION

My name is Bartul Petric
(Alien should state here his true, original, and correct name in full.)

Also known as _____
(If alien has used any other name in this country, that name should be shown on line immediately above.)

1. My place of residence is 667 Alviso St. Santa Clara
(Number and name of street.) (City or town.)
Santa Clara, California
(County.) (State, Territory, or District.)

2. My present occupation is Laborer

3. I was born on the 23 day of August, 1885, at Gornje Selo
(City or town.)
Solta
(Country.), and my last foreign residence was
Boulder City, West Australija
(City or town.) (Country.)

4. I emigrated to the United States from Sydney Sydney Australia on Boat Mauna
(Place where alien got on ship or train to come to the United States.)
South Australija, on or about the 16 day of April, 1913,
(Country.)
and arrived at the port of San Francisco California, on the 15
(Port of arrival.) (State.)
day of May, 1913, on the vessel Maana, of the _____ Line,
by first cabin _____, second cabin 3 cabin, steerage _____

(If the alien arrived otherwise than by vessel, the character of conveyance or name of transportation company should be given.)

at which time my height was 5 feet 8 inches; complexion, Dark; color of hair, Dark;
color of eyes, Brown; occupation, Labor; destined to Santa Clara,
(City or town.)
California, and accompanied by Peter Gurich Jeri Simunovich,
(State.)
destined to _____
(Person or persons to whom destined.)

(If the alien came under some other name than his own name, the name used on the steamship must be given here, or the record of arrival can not be found.)

(If the alien arrived as a stowaway or deserting seaman, or in any other manner than as a passenger, please so state.)

5. I declared my intention to become a citizen of the United States on the 24 day of Feb.
1920, at San Jose, in the Superior Court of Santa Clara Co.
(Location of court.)
The number of my declaration of intention is 2348
(Give number shown in upper left-hand corner.)

(OVER.)

14—247

6. I am Yes married. My wife's name is Julia Petric Single Name Julia Mrozek Petric

(Petitioner, if a widower, should give the name of his wife when living, and state place of her birth, and fact of her death; if not married, he should enter "not" in first sentence.)

She was born on the 29 day of June, 1898 at Budapest (City or town.),

Hungary (Country.), and now resides at 667 Alviso St (Number and street.),

Santa Clara (City or town.), California (State or country.). I have 2 children, and

the name, date and place of birth, and place of residence of each of said children is as follows:

John, born 26 day of June, 1919, at 667 Alviso St; resides at Santa Clara

Lily, born 6 day of March, 1921, at 667 Alviso St; resides at Santa Clara

_____, born _____ day of _____, 1_____, at _____; resides at _____

_____, born _____ day of _____, 1_____, at _____; resides at _____

_____, born _____ day of _____, 1_____, at _____; resides at _____

_____, born _____ day of _____, 1_____, at _____; resides at _____

_____, born _____ day of _____, 1_____, at _____; resides at _____

7. I now owe allegiance to _____

(Name of sovereign and country of which alien is now a subject.)

8. I am able to speak the English language. Yes

9. I have resided continuously in the United States since the 16 day of August, 1916

and in the { Territory of / State / District } Chicago Ill since the 23 day of May, 1918

on Santa Clara California

10. I have not heretofore made petition for United States citizenship.

(If petitioner has heretofore made application for citizenship, the facts required should be fully stated in the following blanks:)

I previously petitioned for citizenship to the _____ Court, at

_____, _____

(City or town.) (State, Territory, or District.)

on the _____ day of _____, 1_____, which was denied for the following reason:

_____

The cause of such denial has since been cured or removed.

The number of my declaration of intention is _____

(Give number shown in upper left-hand corner.)

Give names, occupations, and residence addresses of two witnesses, citizens of the United States, who have known you for at least five years, last past, as a resident of the State in which petition is made, who will make affidavit that you are a person of good moral character, that you are qualified in every way to be admitted a citizen of the United States, and who will appear with you before the clerk when petition is filed and also be present at the hearing of the petition by the court.

If you have resided in the State in which petition is made for at least one year, last past, but less than five years, the two witnesses must verify the entire period of residence within said State, and the remaining portion of the five years' residence **in some other State** must be shown at the hearing by the testimony of the same or other witnesses appearing in person, or by depositions taken under section 10 of the naturalization act of June 29, 1906. The required form for notice to take depositions may be obtained from the clerk of court when petition is filed.

(Name.)	(Occupation.)	(Residence address.)
Janko Chargin	Business	749 Nest St San Jose
Stive Karo	Business	65-67 W Santa Clara St

Names of witnesses who will be substituted by me if those appearing with me at the time of filing my petition for naturalization are unable to appear at the time of the hearing—

(Name.)	(Occupation.)	(Residence address.)

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Form 2226

REQUEST FOR CERTIFICATE OF ARRIVAL

FOR USE OF ALIENS ARRIVING AFTER JUNE 29, 1906

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR

NATURALIZATION SERVICE

Notice to the Clerk of the Court:

This form is to be used only where an alien arrived in this country after June 29, 1906.

When an alien desires to petition for naturalization, this form should be given to him before he is permitted to file his petition, and the execution of the petition for naturalization should not be commenced until the certificate of arrival is received by the clerk of the court. The alien should be directed to complete the letter below and carefully fill in all the blanks in this form, as the information is necessary to obtain the certificate of arrival, and will aid the clerk of the court in filing the petition for naturalization. The alien should then mail this form to the Commissioner of Naturalization, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.

That official will at once take steps to obtain and forward to the clerk of court the certificate of arrival required by section 4 of the act of June 29, 1906, to be attached to and made a part of the petition at the time of its filing. The statement of facts will also be forwarded to the clerk of the court. Notice will also be given to the alien that the certificate has been sent to the clerk of the court named by him.

COMMISSIONER OF NATURALIZATION,
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIR: I came to this country after June 29, 1906. Please obtain a certificate showing my arrival in the United States and forward it to the Clerk of the Superior Court at San Jose, Santa Clara County, California.

(Give on these two lines title of court, and city or town, and county and State where court is located in which the petition will be filed.)

for filing as the law requires, with the petition for naturalization which I intend to file in that court.

In the accompanying statement I have given the date I landed and the place of my arrival and shown the facts which will go in my petition for naturalization when it is filed.

Respectfully,

Bartul Petrie
(Sign name in full.)

667 Alviso St. Santa Clara
(Give address here.)

Bartul Petrie

NOV 26 1927

his relatives were, and who could speak his native language. They gave him a room until he found a job and got acquainted to our customs. At the time Chicago was going from a prairie state to industry, so there was a good deal of new industrial work. Bartul had no trouble finding a job.

Meeting His Future Spouse

While working at a soap factory in Chicago, Bartul met and fell in love with Julia Hrozencik, a petite young, Czechoslovakian girl, thirteen years his junior, who also worked at the soap factory. Wonderful things were happening for him in Chicago, but none of these could curb his appetite to work with the soil, own land and live near coastal waters, much like what he left back home on the island of Solta.

Something About Julia Hrozencik

Julia's parents, Joe Hrozencik and former Susie Karlic, were married in Seveti Martin (St. Martin) Czechoslovakia. Two sons, Joe and Rudy were born and one daughter, Julia (1898) in Seveti Martin. The children were baptised in Budapest, but received their Holy Communion and went to school in a little village town called Klacani, not far from Seveti Martin.

Joe Hrozencik was a military man, in the army, stationed in Budapest. After World War I, Europe was going through a depression, which affected all the countries. Joe heard about our promise land and decided to sail to the United States, seeking better job opportunities and to make more money for his young family. His intentions were to make and save enough money to send back home to have a family home built, and save some extra before returning home to his family and country.

He found his trade as a tool and dye worker here in the United States to be lucrative, and in a reasonable time, had saved enough money to send back home with instructions for his wife to go ahead with having the family home built. This, Susie had taken care of. When Joe had saved enough money, it was time to think seriously about returning home to his family. He realized supporting a family here in the United States was feasable, but what he would return to in Czechoslovakia during depression times was questionable. He changed his mind and decided to have his family come to live here in the United States with him.

Coming To America - Julia Hrozencik

In 1905, Susie Hrozencik, her two sons Joe and Rudy, and her daughter Julia (age 7) my mother, arrived at Ellis Island, New York. Joe Hrozencik went to New York to pick

up his wife and three children and take them back to Chicago where he had a job, a home for his family, and a neighborhood inhabitance that spoke their language. A year or so later, another daughter Mildred was born. The children all grew up and went to schools around Chicago, which prepared them to speak English and adapt to our customs.

By the time Julia had grown up in the big city, her father had died in his early fifties, her brothers and sister had married, leaving Julia and her mother alone. Julia sought employment at a soap factory where she met my father Bartul, then in time went on to work in a candy factory.

Coming To California

While Bartul was busy saving his money working at the soap factory in Chicago, he heard of the rich soil, wonderful climate and opportunities to grow things and own land out on the west coast in California. He also yearned to be closer to ocean waters since leaving his homeland surrounded by the beautiful Adriatic Sea.

In 1917, Bartul arrived in California alone. He immediately got a job working for Dan Regan, who managed several acres of orchard land off of Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road in Saratoga. There is a street now named for Regan which is in the Argonaut Shopping Center and housing project area today, 1991. He worked for Regan about a year, then was able to obtain employment with the Pacific Lumber Company in Santa Clara; also called the P. M. Mill. His job there was to last the next eighteen years. It was also the time shortly after Bartul arrived in the Santa Clara Valley, that all his new acquaintances started calling him Bart, short for Bartul, or just plain Bob. These two shortened names stuck with him the rest of his life, except when his slavic friends were around, he became Bartul again.

Now that Bart had what appeared to be a steady job, he rented a house on Alviso Street in Santa Clara, then sent for his bride to be, Julia, and her mother Susie Hrozencik.

Marriage

On July 21, 1918, at the beautiful, large, old St. Joseph's Church on Market and San Fernando Street in San Jose, Bart Petric, thirty-three years old, and Julia Hrozencik, twenty years old, were married. My mother told me the wedding party walked the whole way to the wedding ceremony. The church is the same church that has recently been refurbished from top to bottom and looks as fresh and new as the day it was built. It was completed at the end of 1990, and said to cost eighteen million. St. Joseph Catheral is now considered one of the most beautiful in the Santa Clara Valley, and perhaps the oldest.

Marriage

Julia and Bart Petric

Children

In 1919, Bart and Julia's first child, a son, John Michael Petric was born. The time was both a happy and sad one for Julia, as her mother passed away a few months before John was born. Mother told us our father was so proud to have a son, he walked all the way from Santa Clara to the Santa Clara County Hospital, a few miles from home, to see them both. A daughter Mildred (Millie) was born in 1921, a daughter Ann in 1922, and their forth child Dorothy, in 1925. When the family started to grow, Bart and Julia moved from their Alviso Street home and bought a home on the corner of Lafayette and Poplar Street in Santa Clara.

Family Furniture

With the larger home and a growing family, Bart started to make the family furniture. He used all solid woods, cherry, walnut and mahogany mostly. He also used European craftsmanship in his construction, but combined European and American decorations. The dining and living room furniture was painstakingly inlaid with different shades and colors of wood, some which he dyed. He incorporated inlaid borders around his tables which was European, but also used the United States and California's Bear Flag, along with cherry fruit and leaves and flowers, which is California and American. Among the pieces of furniture our father made were, two inlaid library tables, a dining table, China closet, a writing desk, a large wood kitchen table with silver drawers, a kitchen table bench, a hat rack, a flower stand, a tall victrola cabinet, and a good deal of outdoor furniture for barbecues and garden. If anything was needed for the home or outdoor use, my father made it!

Today, in 1991, all the furniture our father made in the early 1920's, is used by his children and grandchildren. Some pieces had to be refurbished to it original state, as time and heat had taken its toll on its finishings. As a young girl, I spent many hours polishing this furniture. I am happy to know all our family use and display these pieces with pride. This would have made our father and mother very happy.

Coming To Cupertino - Early Remembrances

In 1926, Bart and Julia, and their four children, moved to Cupertino. Bart bought a ten acre prune orchard on Blaney Avenue from Charles Lowe. Our address then was Box 27, Blaney Avenue. They stayed at this address for 29 years. There was no Zip Code, no north and south Blaney, no paved roads, (oil trucks came by every few years, filled some cracks with tar, oiled the road, then spread pea gravel over all). There were no stop signs, street lights, curbs, white lines or sewer outlets for rain runoff. When it rained

1919

Julia Krozencik Petrie - wife of Bart Petrie at their first home after marriage on Alviso Street, Santa Clara. Julia's first born, a son, John Michael Petrie about 9 months old. Older boy to the left, believed to be a nephew, Steve Petrie

1940's John M. Petrie
about 24 yrs. old

Petrie Children

1937 - 16 yrs. Millie Petrie

1940's Dorothy Petrie
19 yrs. old

→ 1937 - 15 yrs - Ann Petrie

Bart Petrie

1944

Bart leaving for work to the P.M. Mill in Santa Clara.

1930's

Bart Petrie Family - Blaney Ave. Cupertino

top Row - Mother Julia, father Bart, son John

Bottom Row - Daughter Dorothy, Millie and Ann

1940's

Bart painting the back side of the Petrie Farm House on So. Blaney Ave. Cupertino. That section was our bathroom

Bart 1950's

Picking cherries at Zeszutek ranch on No. Blaney Ave. Grand-daughter Dennise Lynn Zeszutek 2 yrs old

Julia Petrie

Early 1950's
Julia with Part of her Brood
Top Row - Julia, son John, husband Bart
Middle Row - Son-in-law Bill Hill, ~~grandson~~
Dennis Hill and daughter Ann Petrie Hill
Bottom Row - grandson Doug Hill + Randy Hill
Grand-daughter Denise Zesztok - daughter Dorothy
Zesztok taken after day
of harvesting fruit

1932
Julia Petrie on So. Blaney
Ave. Ranch Cupertino with
our beloved dog "Teddy"

1940's
Julia with husband
Bart by grape arbor
on So. Blaney Ave. Ranch

1940's
Grandma Julia now, with
first grandchild, Ronnie Vierra
Front lawn on So. Blaney Ave.
Ranch in Cupertino

heavy, the water took its time to seep into the soil or work its way into a running stream which flowed into Calabazas Creek on Bollinger Road.

Something About Our Property

The Petric orchard started with a long driveway leading to a wood farm house. At the beginning of the driveway bordering on Blaney Avenue, stood a complete little house (2 ft. by 4 ft.) that our father made. It stood up on two-by-fours, so that our milkman could leave our daily quota of milk on the little houses front porch without leaving his truck. The little house had a tar paper roof, with B. PETRIC, BOX 27, BLANEY AVE. printed across it. It was the only source of address out front for the mailman, milkman, or anyone else trying to find our home. The house had a front and back porch, doors and windows. When anyone wanted to know where we lived, we would just tell them to look for the little house out in front of the driveway on Blaney Avenue. It was painted white with a red roof. It usually had tall flowers growing under it, like lillies or Iris. There was always an American flag flying on most holidays from a pole my father inserted from its front porch. That beautiful little house was admired by many passersby. It was used for years by our American Dairy milkman, until Cupertino started to grow with an influx of people after World War II, and it got stolen. A sad day for the Petric family, as it was on display for so many years and no one ever disrespected other peoples property during Cupertino's ranching years.

Our long driveway was lined with a white wood border, low green hedge and white-washed fruit trees behind the hedge. It lead to the wood-framed farm house. The house had two bedrooms, and one bath. The living room and dining room were one large room. The living room had a black cast iron pot-belly stove in it, and the kitchen had an adequate wood-burning stove, which was our source for heat in the winter and cooking. The pot-belly stove in the living room was used around the holidays, family gatherings, or when company came. Later on in years, during my college days, I would light the stove, then isolate myself in the living room to do my homework. Our bathroom was not in the middle of the house like they are today, but off to the back end of the house closer to the service porch. It got mighty cold in there during the winter months with no insulation. Our large kitchen had a good size pantry at one end of the service porch. My mother had crisp white ruffled tie-back curtains on all the windows, with draw shades underneath. Later on, we got drapes for our living room windows. She also kept crisp white dollies and table runners on the furniture my father made that filled our home. A heavy, long wood bench that my father made sat along one side of the large wood kitchen table. The bench had a hinged top that lifted up, showing the compartments my dad constructed inside the seat area. He kept all of our valuable papers and bank books in those compartments. His thinking was if our house ever caught on fire, he could just drag that heavy bench out the back door, and all our important papers and valuables would be saved.

Today, in 1991, my daughter Dennise Zeszutek Bamberger has it in front of a window in her sitting room covered with indoor plants and art objects. She refinished it in a soft wood stain.

Behind our farm house, out the back door, was a large Pepper tree. Later a large Walnut tree and purple Fig tree were planted in the back yard. They all gave wonderful shade during the hot summer months as well as some nice spots to have our outdoor barbecues and dinners. A hugh old Oak tree sat way in the back to the left of the farm house. From it swung a swing, which was a source of pleasure for us four children, along with other children that came to visit us. Behind the hugh Oak were rabbit coops and chicken pens and yard that was fenced in. To the left of the big Oak tree, was the prune dipper with its platform, and apricot sulfuring house. To the right of the Oak tree was a large work shed which was a very busy place for all the Petric's throughout the summer months. In fact, most of our summer vacation from school was spent cutting apricots in that work shed or at spreading hot prunes on wood trays that our dad dipped in a very hot lye bath, from the prune dipper. Apricots were cut in half by hand, then laid side by side on big wooden trays, put in a sulfur house for at least four hours, then spread out in the sun to dry for a few days. The prunes were also put out in the sun on large wooden trays to dry several days. If an unusual summer rain came up while the fruit was drying, we would quickly rush to stack and cover the trays until the rain was over, then spread them out to dry in the sun again. Many a night, midnight or otherwise, we would have to get out of our warm beds to stack the fruit out of the rain. It was a family endeavor to see that the apricots and prunes were picked, cut or placed in a lye bath, spread out to dry, sort and box or sack the fruit ready for market when the price was right. Being a girl did not excuse us from any of the duties to process our fruits or save them from total destruction when unusual weather prevailed. We did not realize at that time how valuable these early lessons were. It gave all the Petric's determination and discipline to handle responsibilities.

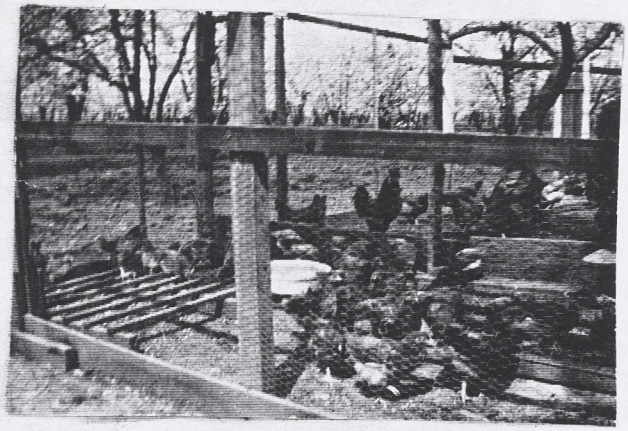
When we had a bumper crop of apricots and prunes, or my father bought fresh fruit heavily from other surrounding fruit growers, he hired neighbors and extra hands to help harvest our fruit. We also had a large family come from Arizona each summer. They would pitch their large tent behind the farm buildings, where my father had built an area for them to cook. The same family came year after year.

To the right of the large work shed where so much "cot" cutting and sorting of dried apricots and prunes went on, was a large storage barn, with large sliding doors. We stored our dried fruits here until the price was right to sell. The interior of the barn had knotty pine walls, so besides using it for storage, many social occasions went on here. The floors and expansive space were great for parties and dances, and the Petric children and neighbors put on plays and amateur hours. We made a large curtain out of prune gunny sacks that were opened and sewn together. We used our fathers large prune sack needle and heavy twine to make a draw string to open and close our curtain. Often in the

South Blaney Ave. Farm Property - Early Years
other pictures shown throughout the story

1930's Long Driveway leading from Blaney Ave. to the Petric Farm House + other buildings

1940's Large backyard with plenty of clothes line space -



1940's Behind the farm buildings were chicken pens and coops - also rabbits

Early 1960's Dismanteling the preene dipper when the So. Blaney Ave. property was to be sold

1940's Behind our farm house at the back end of our large backyard was a water tank and tank house.

South Blaney Ave. Farm House and Yard - 1940's

→ Side view of the Petrie Farm House with some of the large trees in background

Pictures below - Petrie farm house - back side Bart entering back porch. To left of porch was our pantry Julia visiting with Sophie Zesyetak from Chicago, Illinois - note the cellar doors - Before refrigeration, all our smoked meats, dairy products and root vegs. were kept in basement - cool all summer very cold in winter

→ Back and side view of the Farm House Denise and Dorothy Zesyetak in picture to the left - Denise about 1 yr. old.

Below left. Part of chicken pen in back of farm buildings at Petrie So. Blaney Ranch, after Frank and Dorothy married - Frank raised ducks in Petrie's chicken yard.

Petrie So. Blaney Property - Chicken pen, and looking to back of orchard land during dormat winter

Julia Petrie visits with Sophie Zesyetak from Chicago, Illinois

winter when we were lucky to have a sunny day, we would open the large sliding doors to let the sun shine in, and play cards like Old Maid, Harts, Finger on the Nose, etc..

To the right of this large storage shed, was a one car garage. When my brother was in his late teens or early twenties, he dug a pit in it so he could repair cars.

Like most people with orchard land, we had a tall tank house just to the right of the garage. It was a delight for growing children to climb up and down. It stored the coolest, freshest water that came from the Stevens Creek Reservoir area. The water we used for irrigatiing the orchard, came from Putman's Well, located in the Monta Vista area leading to the Stevens Creek Reservoir. Years later, our father bought irrigation water from the Maggio brothers on South Blaney Avenue.

To the south of our farm house, was a large dry yard where apricots and prunes were sun dried on wooden trays. We had little trucks that ran on tracks that went from the prune dipper and sulfur house out to the dry yard. There was even a turn table, much like you see in San Francisco to turn the trolleys around, so our little trucks could take stacks of trays filled with fresh fruit to go out in different directions on the drying field. We used these same trucks to bring the dried fruit back to the work shed to sort the fruit. We all loved to play with these little trucks. The children that were not on fruit farms that came from cities, or were out of state guests, loved to ride on the trucks. You pushed them as hard as you could, then jumped on for a ride.

Orchard Farm Lifestyle

Life on the Blaney Avenue orchard land was busy but simple. Summers were times for fruit harvests. If we weren't working on the fruits of our own orchard, we were usually helping a neighbor with theirs. There was Oz and Ethyl Regnart and John and Mary Rodrigues on Bollinger Road, or Bill and Mary Siach and the Santich family on Blaney Avenue. They all had prunes to pick or apricots to cut. We even went down the street to help Tony and Mae Fernandez with their raspberry harvest. We all decided we would rather cut apricots and pick prunes than pick raspberries. It took forever to pick a gallon of raspberries and there was no shade to hide from the hot sun. Our father bought fresh fruit from all around the valley, and when we would go to the hills above Stevens Creek Reservoir to pick prunes, it was nothing to set our buckets down, then watch them roll down the hill with us in hot pursuit, leaving a trail of picked prunes scattered all over.

Besides the summer harvests, we Petric children were kept very busy with at home chores. Dry grass was collected to feed the rabbits to augment their diet of oats and alfalfa purchased at the Cali Feed Store on Stevens Creek Road. The rabbits had to be watered and fed everyday as well as the chickens. The rabbit coops and chicken pens and yards had to be kept clean and dry, and eggs had to be collected. It was special when we had chicken for dinner in the 1920's, 30's and 40's. My mother would have to choose the chicken (usually one that stopped laying eggs) then hand it to my dad. She would then

run as fast as she could to the house so that she wouldn't hear the hatchet come down on the chopping block. The farm animals all became her pets, as she tended them every day, so losing even one of them was hard on her.

Everything we did around the farm house was a family affair, from painting the inside and outside of the house and other buildings, to filling the tank house with water, picking up brush, planting, watering, picking and cleaning vegetables for dinner, helping to can our fruits and some of the vegetables, making root beer, and stomping grapes with our bare feet in a big wooden barrel when our father wanted to make homemade wine. If the fruit spray did not kill all the caterpillars on the trees, we had to crush them with a stick. Ugh! What a terrible job for sensitive girls. Fruit that was picked during the day, had to be collected at the end of the day. Because our father always held two jobs, one as a lumber grader at the P. M. Mill in Santa Clara, and the other, an orchardist in Cupertino, it was up to us children to have all the fresh picked apricots sitting in the work shed to be cut the next day, or the boxes of fresh picked prunes stacked by the dipper, so that when our father came home, all the family could start dipping and spreading out prunes to dry.

One of the joys of growing up on an orchard, was that we got to learn to drive at a early age. We were all driving around our orchard (without a license) when we were in grammar school. In the orchard, we girls knew that we could jerk all we wanted to without outsiders watching us when first learning to drive, or we could make a turn around two trees instead of one, and no one but us would know about it. There was no pressure of learning like you would have out on the street with oncoming traffic, or holding traffic up behind us. The old days were the best of times to learn to drive, even with a Model A Ford truck.

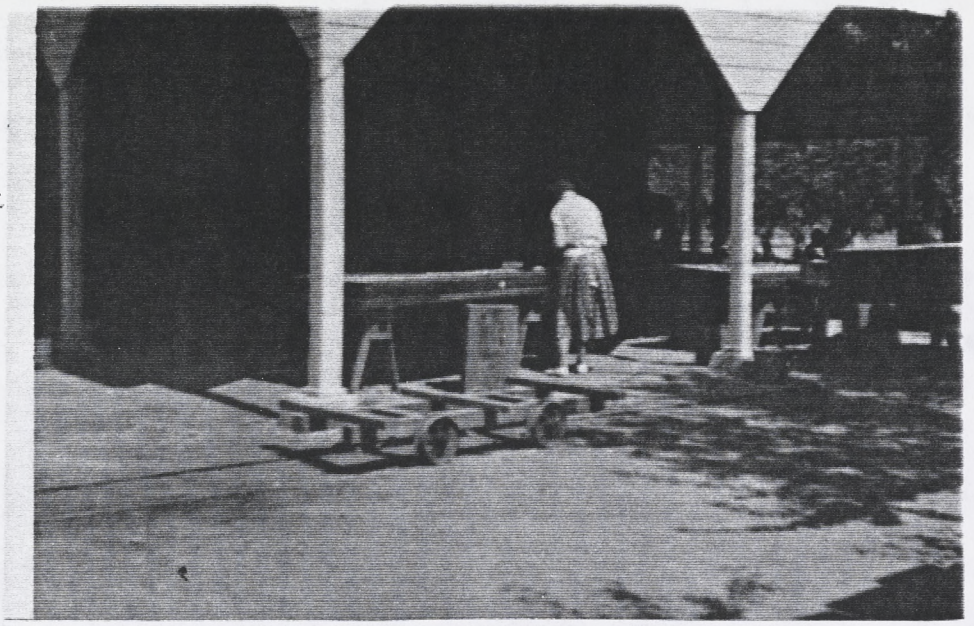
School Days In Cupertino

We all attended the Cupertino Union Grammar School on Stevens Creek Road (now called Boulevard). Darrel J. Sedgwick was our principal. Some of our loyal teachers were Gladys Jasper, Carol Murdock, Anna Barbarez, Elsie Johnson, Theresa Zarevich, R. E. Barton, Ralph Berry, Mildred Burtner, Bothilda Hansen, Vivian Hazel Radabough, Elizabeth Iden, Camille Lewis, and Neola Sommerville. Mr. Hyde, a fruit grower and packer was the sole Board of Trustee.

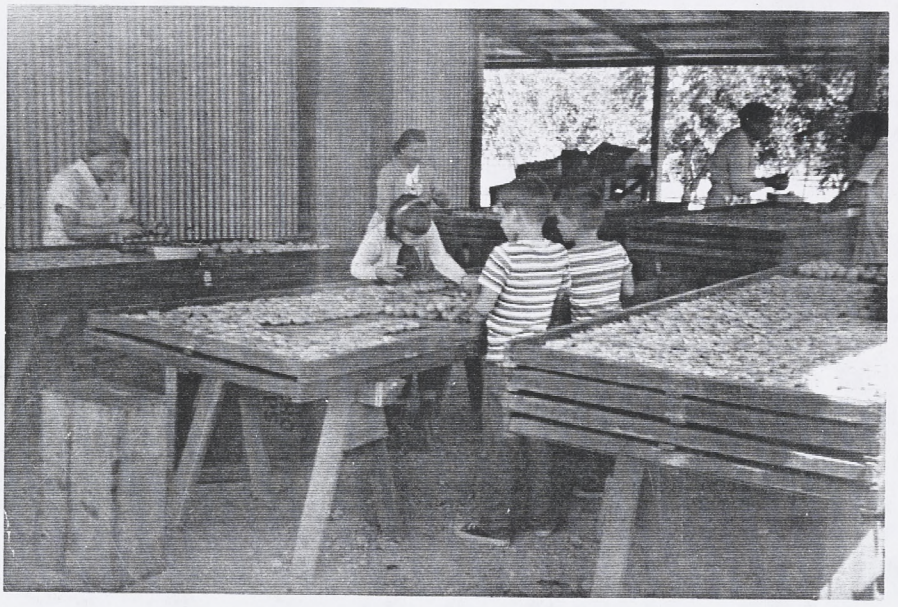
We girls learned to sew starting in the 4th grade. We started by making a hem around a dish towel, then went on to make an apron, a blouse, and finally a dress or skirt. We all made our graduation clothes. Luckily we all enjoyed sewing and found ourselves making most of our clothes for a fraction of what it cost to buy. This carried on after we were married, making a good many of our childrens clothes. We encouraged our children to learn to sew also.

My brother took up manual training and shop, and made a few things for our mother. They were usually heavy and strong. One thing we held on to for many years, was his all

Farm work on Petrie So. Blaney Ave property, Prospect Rd. property San Jose, and the Zeszutek property on No. Blaney Ave. Cupertino property Millie Petrie Vierra cutting apricots at her parents Prospect Rd. property 1950's



1940- Julia Petrie picking olives on the So. Blaney Ave. property in Cupertino.



1950's Julia Petrie - mother and daughter Dorothy, both along back wall - Grand children ← Dennise Zeszutek, Douglas and Randy Hill all cutting apricots at grand parents (Bart and Julia's) Prospect Rd. property San Jose

1950's ← Farm House, Prune Dipper and Dry-Yard at Petrie So. Blaney Ave. property Drying Prunes

1950's Dorothy + Millie with Millie's Sons Ron, George Jr. and Gary picking cherries

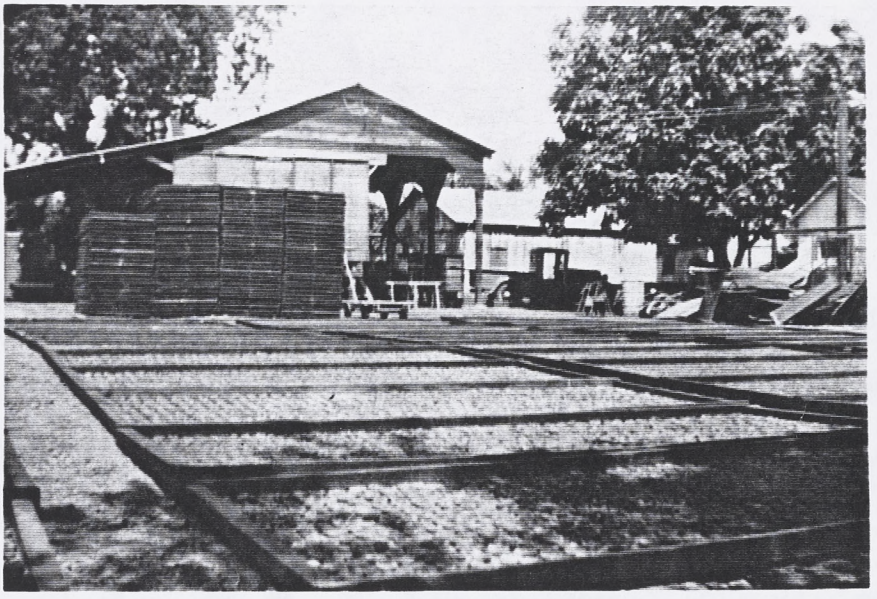
Farm Work - Zesyetek Property 1950's Total Family Participation

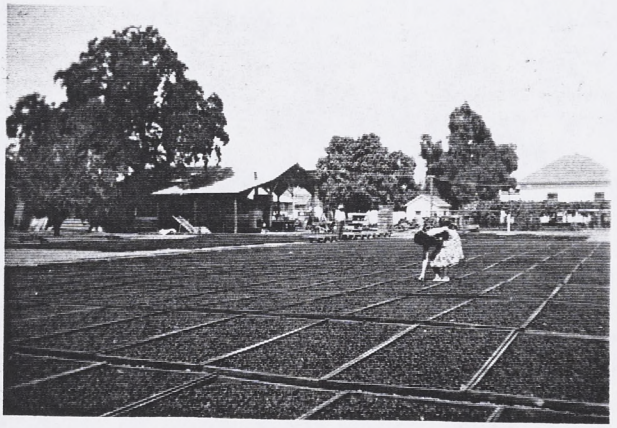
Farm Work - a Family Affair - Petrie and Zesyetek Property

1960's Apricot Harvest at the Frank Zesyetek Property on No. Blaney Ave., Cupertino = Above Petries, Hills, Zesyeteks and Zesyeteks relatives

1940 So. Blaney Ave property ← Part of large oak tree to left, Prune Dipper Shed, to the right, large fig tree - Dreying apricots in dry yard

1940 Lower right corner - Dorothy viewing prunes dreying in dry yard - Back ground = Farm House, Dipper Shed building and large trees - Note little trucks to carry trays to dry yard





→ 1960's Lower left picture - John and relatives from Chicago picking apricots - Zesyetek property

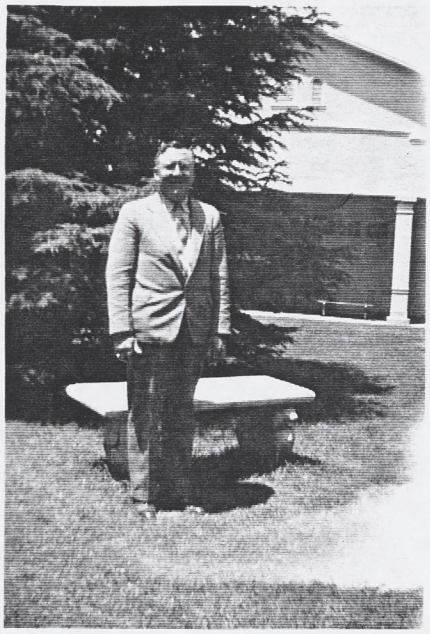
William Pfeffer Ranch

William Pfeffer Ranch

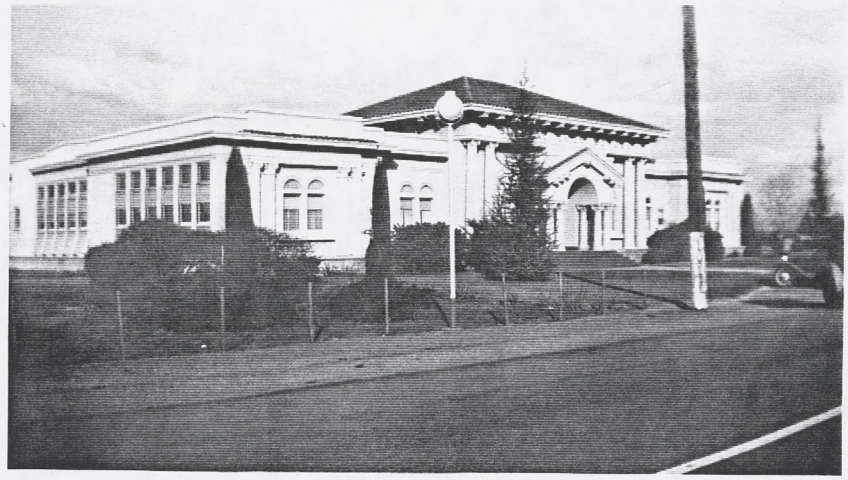
#2 Arnold Mose Family, c. 1919

#3 Milliken School Building, c. 1927

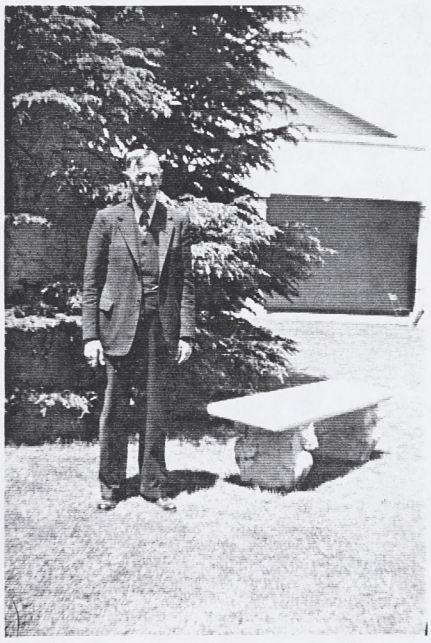
School Days in Cupertino 1939



Our Principal
D. J. Sedwick



Cupertino Union Grammar School
Stevens Creek Rd. Cupertino



Our Board of Trustee's
Warren Hyde

Our Grammar School Teachers

Top Row =
Anna Barbarez, Hazel Radabough,
Teresa Zarevick, Elsie Johnson

Middle Row =
Gladys Jasper, Botilda Hansen
Neola Somerville, Camille Lewis
Elizabeth Eden

Bottom Row =
Carol Murdock, Laura B. Stickter
Mildred Burtner

wood ironing board. It was longer and narrower than a standard ironing board. We girls often wondered how our petite mother could handle such a long, heavy ironing board that had many hooks. Later in years after my father and mother passed away, Dorothy took the ironing board to the DeAnza College Flea Market, because none of our family wanted to use such a heavy household appliance. A gentleman bought it for four dollars, to hang in his trophy room with my brothers name, age 16 years, made at Fremont High School. This man collects homemade items from all over the United States, labels them with a plaque, then displays them in his trophy room at his home.

We four children all enjoyed our dexterity courses at school, building and making things from scratch. It proved valuable throughout our adult lives, which allowed us to make things for a fraction of the cost, and pass these traits on to our own children.

Our big events at our grammar school, were being taken by school bus to the 1939 San Francisco Exposition World Fair on Treasure Island, and going on a graduation trip away from school for the whole day. We ate and sang all the way up and back on these special trips.

All four children attended Fremont High School on Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road. While going to Fremont High, John worked part-time at Louie Paviso's garage, on Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road, now called DeAnza Boulevard. Although Louie Paviso has just passed away, his garage still stands at the same location, being run by someone else in 1991. One of the few remaining businesses still in Cupertino today. My brother John worked for Louie from age 16 to 18, and Louie gave him a lot of old car parts, which he brought home and saved. John also combed the junk pile that accumulated at the Calabazas Creek bed on Bollinger Road. He erected a running vehicle, and he later put a truck bed on it to carry more young people. In my young eyes, John was another Henry Ford the way he put all those parts together and made something that would run! We children, as well as other children in the neighborhood, had lots of fun with this "truck". There were our friends, Dorothy White on Bollinger Road, Nick and Mary Lazaneo as well as George and Virginia Fernandez on Blaney Avenue. It was routine, after a long day of working on our fruit harvests, to travel down Blaney and Bollinger in this little truck that held nine young people. George Grim, a deputy sherif who lived a little ways down the street from us, stopped us one evening to tell us we couldn't drive down Blaney anymore without lights. Well, kids will usually figure something out, and we did. We hung irrigation lanterns in front by the headlights that were there but weren't working. With our new improvised lights, we went merrily down Blaney and Bollinger Road in the evenings!

Fun In The Country

One thing we never forgot, was the parade we girls and Dorothy White (now Gachina) planned for a Saturday afternoon. We decorated our wagon, put a ribbon around the dogs neck, and wore our mothers dresses and hats for costumes. We planned

our parade for a long time. To our amazement, on a beautiful Saturday afternoon, we paraded up and down Blaney Avenue and Bollinger Road for two hours, and not a single car went by to see our lovely parade. What a disappointment! Try doing that today on Bollinger Road and Blaney in 1991!

We also spent many pleasurable hours on Sunday afternoons walking "around the block". Around the block to us, was a walk down South Blaney Avenue to Bollinger Road, then down Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road, on to Stevens Creek Road and back down South Blaney. It was more like two miles. We did a good amount of walking back in the 30's and 40's. In fact, we rarely drove. We walked to visit our neighbors, or go to a store. Going to the city meant going to San Jose, and that's when we were inclined to drive. Our trips to San Jose were few.

Someone had a short white fence in front of their orchard that bordered on Bollinger and Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road. When we went for our walks, we used to sit on this fence like birds on a wire and play the car game. People traveled from San Francisco through Cupertino to get to Santa Cruz on Sunday afternoons. We each took a turn as to who the next car coming down the road belonged to. If the next car coming was new and was suppose to be yours, you would feel good, but if an old chug-a lug came along and it was yours, you got razzed. Most of the games we played were simple and didn't cost anything. Hide and Seek, (we had many great places to hide with all the farm buildings and trees around, a real challenge for the person "it"), Kick the can, Tag, Baseball, Hop-Scotch, hiding something under a half walnut shell and guessing which one, puzzles, cards in the winter time like Old Maid, Harts, etc., Amateur Hour Time, and lots of "Guess Who" games.

We had many barbecues in our back yard under the tall Pepper, Walnut or Fig tree. Our father loved to barbecue and was good at it, so every summer we tried to have them on weekends. We children would do anything to get to eat our Sunday dinner outdoors. We would scramble about spreading the oilcloth on the barbecue table, taking the dishes out and helping to serve the food. After working all week our mothers legs were tired, so she usually was not keen on all those extra steps it would take to eat outdoors. Of course, the children and dad usually won out. Our meals outdoors increased after my father and brother built a new brick barbecue. If the weather was good, company dinners were served outdoors, and everyone loved it. It was a time to slow down and relax.

It was an annual affair at the Petric ranch every spring during blossom time, to have a big barbecue for all our friends. Our father would buy a whole lamb and barbecue it on a large spit, like they did on the island of Solta, back home in Yugoslavia. My mother would make her delicious spaghetti and a number of other good things. Our city friends always looked forward to our blossom time parties each year. The children had a great time running, jumping and climbing around all the trees, buildings and equipment that we had on our orchard land. It was one great big playground to them. The men ended up playing horseshoes and cards. We sisters got a kick out of the city mothers who were

busy powdering their little girls nose and faces so they wouldn't get freckles in all that sunshine.

Another annual event we Petric's looked forward to in the spring, was the Blossom Festival in Saratoga. We would take our blankets and picnic lunch to a hillside in Saratoga which overlooked the beautiful Santa Clara Valley. It was a sea of lovely white and pink blossoms. There was music, singing, dancing and speeches. The ground was usually covered with wild flowers, and sometimes damp from a spring rain, but we didn't care. We took our sweaters and a blanket and enjoyed the bright sunshine.

Besides the backyard barbecues we had at home, there were the summer barbecues at Naperdak Hall (a Croatian social group) that got together, bought some land on Lawrence Station Road (now Lawrence Expressway) and built some large barbecue and picnic tables, as well as a building for music and dancing. They always had barbecued lamb and spaghetti or macaroni. It was one place I could get a cream soda, which I loved. This group and place came about so the Croatian people who had migrated to this country from Yugoslavia, could get together to socialize in their own culture and customs.

Our father was a great one for going to the sea coast. It was always a special event to be awakened about five a.m. Sunday morning so we could all pile in the car and be at a private beach in Santa Cruz when the tide was low. It was a nice family outing, but a bit more serious for my father who's goal was not only to smell the ocean and relax, but to also come home with a sack or two of mussels. We girls would help our mother prepare and pack picnic food the day before, for there would be no time Sunday morning when our dad called for us to leave so early. The road was very winding to Santa Cruz back in the 20's, 30's and early 40's. My mother always took a bag of oranges with us for anyone who may get car sick going around so many turns. My sister Millie was the one who had the hardest time, so sometimes we had to stop for her. Our mother thought oranges were a cure all. A bag of oranges usually accompanied us on everyone of our trips. Because our father was at the seashore at the right time, he usually came home with his quota of mussels. He shared them with all his neighbors and friends. They were delicious steamed in wine, garlic, parsley and onion. A loaf of french bread, a salad and mussels made a very good meal.

Christmas On Blaney Avenue

They were busy times at the Petric's around Christmas time. We children liked crafts, so we made a lot of our gifts and decorations. We collected holly berries at the Calabazas Creek on Bollinger Road to make wreaths, sprays and other decorations. Our mother always made Slavic cruellers and little raisin filled round donuts, dusted with sugar. Mr. George Wanderer and his wife from Santa Clara, always brought delicious homemade blanched, salted almonds when they came for Christmas Eve dinner. We always had a big fish dinner on Christmas Eve. Variety and price was of no concern at this yearly

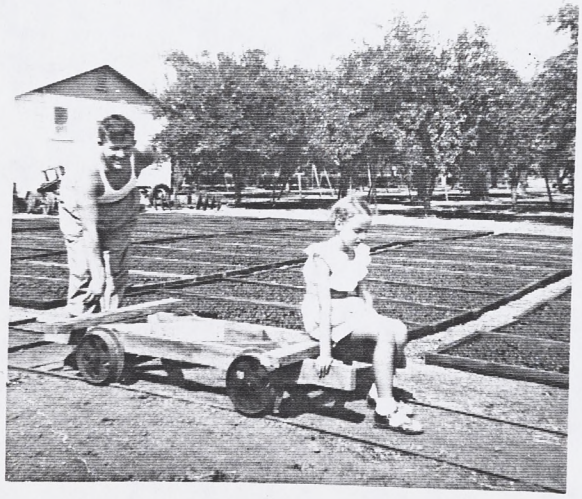
Good Times at the Petrie's
So. Blaney Ave - Cupertino

Bart Petrie - one of his ← joys barbecuing for his family, relatives and friends 1940's

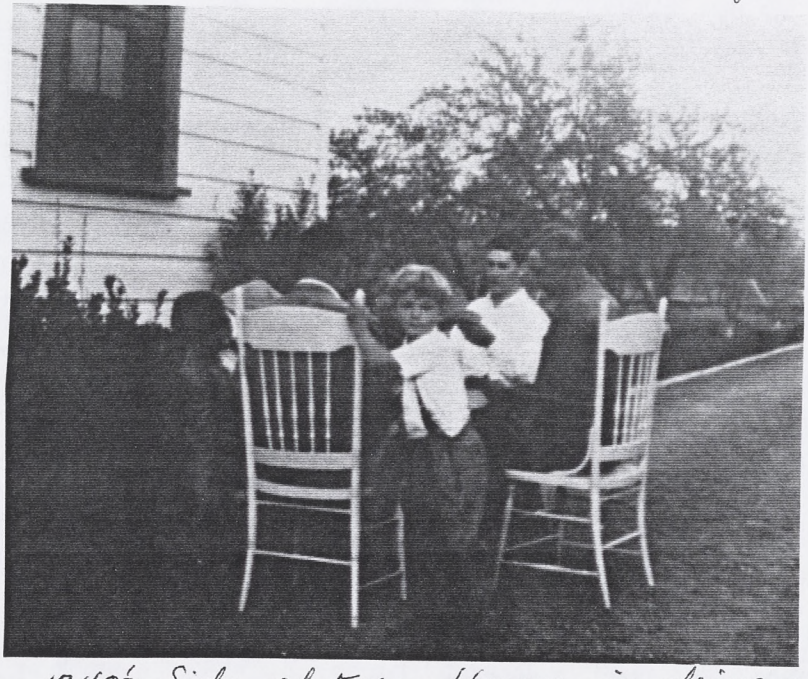
Below left - Gathering at the Petrie ranch on So. Blaney Ave - 1940's with the Petrie family, Rodrigues family from Bollinger Rd, and dear friends Bill Wardwell from Campbell with friend Elizabeth and sister Margaret

1940's At side of Petrie Farm House Back side yard

1940's Sunday barbecue dinner under Pepper tree - Petrie back yard



1940's At Petrie dry yard - So. Blaney - Beckman's - Rudy & daughter Carolyn - enjoying little field trucks



1940's Side of Farm House in drive - yard - Sunday afternoon - playing cards Bart Petrie, Rex, Bill Siach, John & Bill Hill

Petric Children - Early Years

1940's In back yard of So. Blaney Property
Frank & Dorothy Zeszutek - Ann & Bill Hill

1937 Ann 15 Millie 17
Blaney Ave. property

1940's Dorothy & Frank Zeszutek at the coast

1940's
Frank + Dorothy
Honeymoon Cottage
on So. Blaney Ave
property

Our father taught us to love the seacoast - A hold over from his early days on the Island of Solta - Yugoslavia surrounded by the beautiful Adriatic Sea.

→ 1950's Ann Hill Dorothy Zeszutek at the Santa Cruz coast with their children

Dennis, Douglas & Randey Hill
Dennise Lynn Zeszutek

Events with the Petric's

Engagement Party at Mileva's John

1971 John Petric of San Jose becomes engaged to Mileva Jakovevic of Split, Yugoslavia Mileva's younger son Ante, daughter-in-law Maria and other relatives

1986 Millie celebrates her 65th birthday at the Zeszutek Ranch house on No. Blaney Ave. Family and friends

1984 Frank, Dorothy and Dennise Zeszutek on an outing with Jackie and Ray Tikvica of Sunnyvale to Angel Island off the San Francisco Bay.

1986 Three sisters celebrating with Millie at her 65th at the Zeszutek home in Cupertino

Socials with the Petrie Children

1970's Ann + Bill Hill celebrate their 25th Wedding Anniversary at the Zesziteh home - left to right Dennise, Doug, Julia, Ann, Bill Randy, Dorothy & John

1970's John and Milera Petrie in line for chow at the Cupertino Union Grammar School 50th year Anniversary at Blackberry Farm

1970's Dennise Zesziteh and her mother Dorothy at the sea coast in Santa Cruz. Our father Bart, taught us to love the ocean. We headed for the coast every chance

1990 Dorothy, Millie and Ann at Sierra Home in San Jose - On the way to Fremont High Schools 50 year anniversary - Millie and Ann received pins for 50 years

Special Events with Petric Grandchildren

1972 - left to right - Douglas Hill, Dennise Zesquteh, Randey Hill and Milena Petric (John's wife) cool off in the Russian River after Dennis's wedding

July 15, 1972 Dennis Hill eldest s of Ann + Bill Hill - married Melinda Langhart in Healdsburg Ca.

1987 Annual Vierra Sept. Barbecue - this year, a luau staged by the 3 Vierra boys Rox, Geo. Jr. and Gary - Frank Zesquteh looking over the whole barbecue pig

1982 in Napa Valley. Family picnic at the new Dickow Winery built and managed by George Vierra Jr. after traveling to Europe several times for equipment

event, and the Wanderer's were always with us. Because we never knew our grandparents, the Wanderer's made wonderful substitues. My nephew Ron remembers George Wanderer fondly. George would always greet young Ronnie with a warm hello, and a handshake that always had a five dollar bill in it. Ronnie's eyes would get as big as melons and he'd have a grin from ear to ear! A lot of money for a little boy in the 1940's. Bill Wardwell from Campbell, another elderly gentleman who became wealthy during the gold rush days, also came to visit us often. He spent part of the Christmas holiday with the Petric's and brought us gifts. For years he came every Thursday night for my mothers homemade soup. He brought suckers for us children, dog biscuits for the dogs, and gave all the men a shot of his gin he carried in a flask in his car.

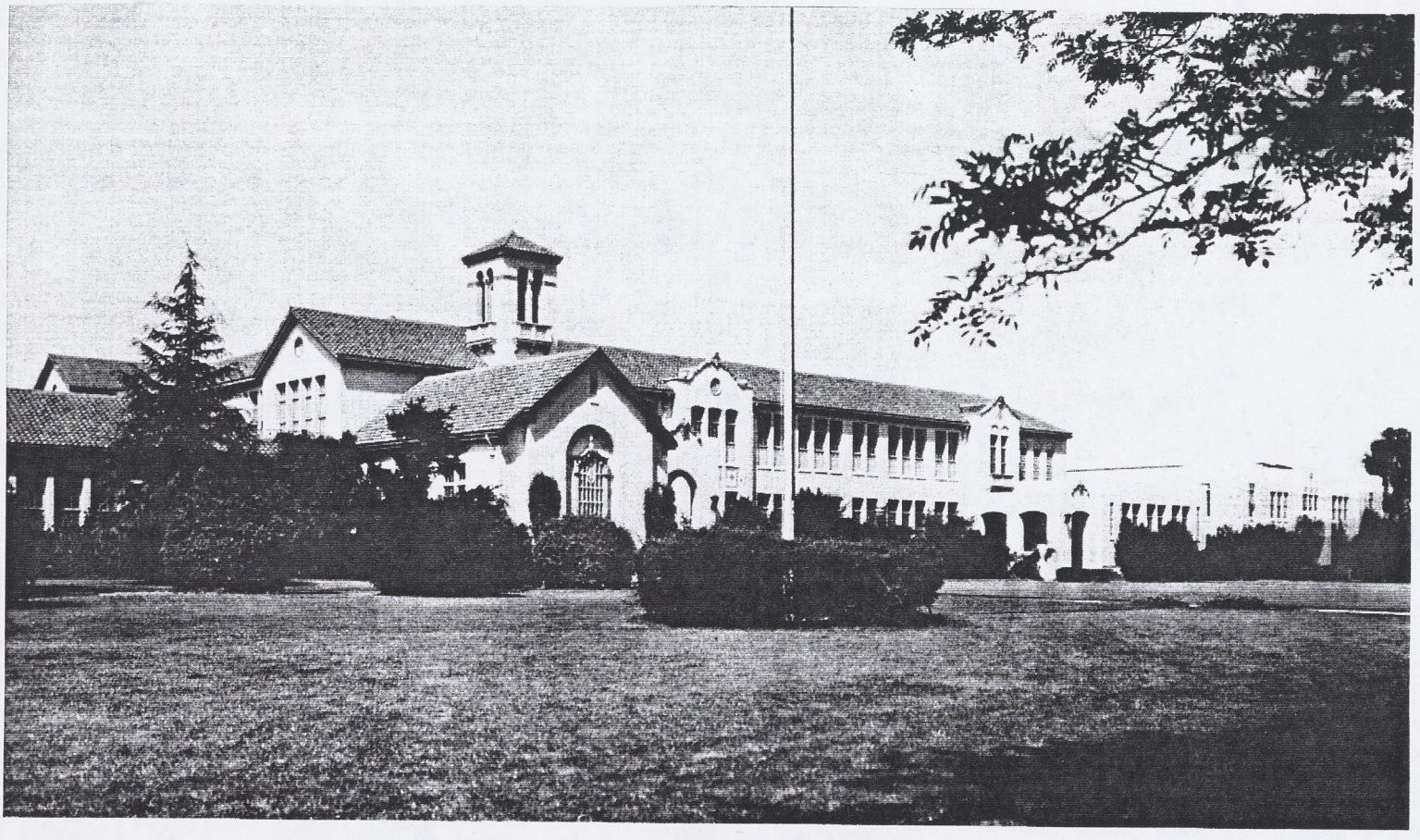
There was always a lot of food preparation for the holiday. My mother made fruit pies and strudels, and we usually had stuffed roasted chicken for Christmas dinner, along with sweet potatoes, mashed potatoes, peas and pearl onions, relishes, rolls and cranberries. One thing my father always wanted on Christmas was sauerkraut with ham shanks. I sat next to my father at the dinner table, and I thought the smell of his favorite dish spoiled the whole Christmas dinner, but that dish was his Slavic custom, and it never failed to appear on the holiday dinner table. Christmas Eve we sang carols and put on a special Christ Child Play. The day before Christmas, we went to Confession at the St. Joseph Catholic Church on Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road. Christmas morning was always time to go to Mass. Christmas dinner was always served around 1 p.m. We children went for walks in the afternoon, played or looked over our new Christmas gifts (our favorite year was when we all got skates) and listened to the radio and played Christmas music on our Victrola that our father made. The men usually played Pedro, a card game. Sometimes we would go visiting, but most of the time people came to visit us. All through our growing up years, our mother gave us a warm flannel nightgown and slippers each Christmas. When I got married, I carried on that tradition that my mom started back in the early 30's. Today in 1991, my daughter Dennise approaching forty in a couple of years, still receives a flannel nightgown and slippers as one of her Christmas gifts.

High School Days

Entering High School brought new experiences, challenges and lots of new acquaintances. All the students from the Cupertino and Sunnyvale grammar schools were brought together at Fremont High School on Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road, which was then in the county, but later become part of the city of Sunnyvale. Here we were introduced to new courses like drama, foreign languages, speech, swimming, chemistry, typing and business machines, etc. We were also experiencing our first dances, football games, debate teams and showers in Physical Education classes. It was quite a change from grammar school.

School Days in Cupertino

1930's
Saint Joseph Church of Cupertino Catechumen class held on Saturday mornings



FREMONT UNION HIGH SCHOOL 1940's

Cupertino and Sunnyvale students came together at Fremont High School for higher instructions

First Family Marriage

During my high schools days, my oldest sister Millie eloped with George Vierra of Santa Clara. I was so frightened for her, as none of us ever disobeyed our father, least of all, my good natured sister Millie. She was married at the St. Thomas Aquinis Catheral in Reno, Nevada, on September 14, 1940. Millie surprised us all for being such a gutsy lady. In time we recognized how hard it was on her to be young and lovely and not be able to go out with her peers because our father was so protective. The apple-of-his-eye taught him a lesson he never forgot, it doesn't pay to be too strict.

World War Two Strikes

While in high school, World War II broke out when Japan bombed Pearl Harbor in Hawaii in 1941. A chilling time for all young people, as we were not quite adults yet. We all had to buckle down to work harder and be more conservative. To help our troops so they could be supplied of much needed materials and food stuffs, we planted victory gardens, saved all our rubber tires, used as little gas and oil as we dared, had our meat rationed, and car pooled when ever we could. Nylon had to be used for parachutes, so nylon hose were very hard to come by. If we were able to buy one or two pairs, we never threw them away just because they had a run. We took them to a Five-and-Dime or department store to have the runs repaired. We even stained our legs the color of hose when going out, if there were no nylons in the stores or our drawers. I remember standing in long lines at a nylon factory in Oakland for two hours just to buy two pairs of nylon hose.

We had troops living at our high school, because young men were being sent from all over the United States to the west coast for training before being sent out to the Pacific islands. Housing was at a crucial state in California. Fremont High School gave up some of its buildings to house some troops. We were not able to use our gymnasium and a few other buildings during the war, as long as the military needed housing. The boys were invited to some of the school functions, and we were asked to invite them to our homes for a family meal and outing away from their military tasks. One could see military trucks traveling all over Santa Clara Valley, and even on the smallest streets like Blaney Avenue, Cupertino. Planes flew over this valley in groups practicing for their new duties in the South Pacific war zone. We could hear them fly over anytime day or night. They made quite a roar.

When I graduated from high school, the war was in full progress. My brother John was drafted into the Army and sent to England as a mechanic. We looked forward to his letters, because none of our family ever traveled very far from home once we moved to Cupertino in 1926. We sent a lot of "Care" packages to our loved ones, and other boys we didn't even know.

We were all out of high school by 1942, and had no trouble finding jobs. Millie had gone to work for the city of San Jose before she married. Ann went to work for Joshua Hendy Iron Works in the personnel department in Sunnyvale during the war, then after the war she went to work for the Woolridge Manufacturing Company, also in Sunnyvale. Dorothy went to work for the Prattlow Preserving Company in Santa Clara. They put up canned fruits and vegetables. My first job was to put numbers on cans, then I passed out time cards to all the plants women workers, and then on to do laboratory testing in their Chemistry lab.

World War II was a time when our whole nation pulled together to work hard and support our troops. As busy as we all were, and as hard as we all worked (most times twelve hours a day), we still found some time to go to the many patriotic war movies that were made, and to dances where the Big Bands came to play. Bands like Glen Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Harry James, Bob Crosby and Benny Goodman came to play at the Civic Auditorium in San Jose. That was the hub-bub ("in") place for the young people to go to meet new acquaintances and have a great time dancing to some of the best music of the 1940's. Service men were also invited to the G. I. Canteen, which was located in a park across from the Civic Auditorium. They were also invited to the dances at San Jose State, as most of the male students had gone off to war. It was good that we Petric children were young during the war period, as most of our jobs entailed working six days a week, not to mention the fruit harvest help we gave our parents on weekends. With our brother John being away in Europe, our father and mother needed all the extra work force they could get to harvest the summer crops. Farm work was always very hard, but especially so during those difficult war years. We children would never think of taking a vacation during harvest time, even after we all married and had children and homes of our own. We were very loyal to our parents work needs all the years they stayed in the fruit business, and I'm sure they appreciated it.

Losing Our President

While I was going to San Jose State in the winter months during the war, a flash came over the intercom that President Franklin D. Roosevelt had died. The shivers went through me, as he was the great leader of our country, and was in his forth term of office, and we were still at war. I had never known any other president, for he was in office so long. I worried about what would happen to our country, now that our leader had passed on. It was a sad day for the whole nation. We all stayed glued to our radio's, listening to the events of our nation in mourning and President Roosevelts funeral procession. This was before there were televisions in our homes, so we had to picture everything in our minds as it was described. I would have never believed it then to think that several years in my future and lifetime, that once again I would witness another popular president to die unexpectedly. We were all able to visually follow President John F. Kennedy's passing,

for we all had televisions in our homes then. Luckily during World War II, we had another strong president in Harry S. Truman to take Roosevelt's place.

Marriages - Our Family Grows

Millie, being the first to marry and becoming Mrs. George Vierra on the 14th day of September, 1940, just before the war broke out, was also the first to bring the Petric family a grandchild. George and Millie lived on Wistar Street in Santa Clara when their first son Ronald (Ron) was born on October 2, 1941 at O'Connor Hospital in San Jose. The family all doted over him. He was a beautiful curly headed blond boy that we all loved to dress up and fuss over. His curly hair would stay any way we decided to arrange it. We even had him dressed up like Carmen Meranda. Ron today in 1991, is forty-nine. He has his own business called "Asante' Graphics", and does business cards, logos, technical illustrations, and a variety of other things. He has a home in San Jose.

George Vierra, Jr., their second son, was born on December 11, 1945 at O'Connor Hospital, while his father was stationed on the Aleutian Islands off the coast of Alaska during the second World War. George was always the little smiling boy who grew up with a wonderful sense of humor. When he was about three years old, he gave us all a scare when he was out to his grandparents home on Blaney Avenue, and got lost in the Petric orchard when the cover crop was five feet tall over the whole ten acres. Luckly he was found before nightfall, and today in 1991, he is forty-five years old. He married Bobbie Bagby of Monte Sereno. George owns the Merlion Winery in Napa Valley. He and his wife live in St. Helena, Napa Valley, California. They have been married twenty-two years. They have no children.

Gary Vierra, their third son was born May 15, 1947 at home on Wistar Street in Santa Clara. He arrived so fast , no one could get Millie to the hospital in time. Gary had his mothers fine blond hair, fair complexion, and a loving and good natured personality. Gary works for his brother George as a sales manager for the Merlion Winery in Napa Valley. He and his wife Jan, the former Jan Doctor, live in Benicia, California. Gary has a son Toby Christopher by a previous marriage to Raylene Pollard. Today in 1991, Gary is forty-three. Toby is seventeen years old and will graduate from high school.

Over the years, George Vierra and partner Joe Fernandes, operated the Shell Service Station on Bowers Avenue and El Camino Real in Santa Clara. George sold the business and he and Millie and his brother Mickey bought the Red Barn Western Nightclub on Monterey Road in San Jose. After the building burned down in 1968, it was rebuilt and George and Millie stayed with it until 1970. From the Red Barn, they bought a franchise for a new Winchell's Donut Shop in the Almaden Valley area. George was active in this business until 1977 when he became ill. Millie kept the business going until 1978, then sold out, and both she and George retired. George passed away on February 17, 1991, six months after their sons had gave them a memorable fiftieth wedding anniversary party.

Millie Petrie Vierra

1935 Millie graduates from Cupertino Union Grammar School - She made her graduation dress

1937 Millie Petrie - 16 years old Eldest daughter of Bart and Julia Petrie

1940 Millie is married George

1990 Millie and George Vierra celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary
Top Row- adopted grandson Jazz, grandson Toby
Middle Row- son Ron, George Jr. and Gary
Lower Row- Bobbie Vierra, wife of George Jr.,

Ann Petric, the third child born to Bart and Julia Petric was three years old when we moved from Santa Clara to Cupertino. She graduated from Cupertino Grammar School in February 1937, and attended Fremont High School and graduated in June 1940. As was previously mentioned, she worked for Joshua Hendy Iron Works in the personnel office. When the war was over, she went to the Woolridge Manufacturing Co. in Sunnyvale. On March 2, 1946, at the St. Joseph Church in Cupertino, she and Harry Smith Hill, Jr. were married. Most people knew him as "Bill". Bill had worked with Paul Mariani, Jr. in the state of Washington (Bill's home state) and Paul , Jr. asked him to come work for his dad, Paul Mariani, Sr., who was just starting the Mariani Packing Company on the corner of Homestead and Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road. Bill arrived in Cupertino on the last day one could sign up for gas rationing here in Cupertino during World War II. After Ann and Bill married, Ann continued to work at Hendy's in Sunnyvale. She and Bill rented a little white house on Homestead Road that belonged to Paul Mariani, Sr. It is now the location where Mathilda Souza, her daughter Marian and husband live in 1991. Ann and Bill purchased 1.2 acres of apricot orchard land on Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road in 1947 from James and Viloa Morrison. Later they sold it, and a J & J Market went up, now in 1991, Condominium's sit on the same property. They then purchased an eight acre orchard (one acre in apricots and seven acres in prunes) on Felton Way, off McClellan Road in Cupertino. They sold it to a developer in 1957 when Oak Fungus disease took over, and bought a prune ranch on Foreman Lane in Healdsburg in Sonoma County, and have lived there (1991) for thirty-three years.

While living on Homestead Road in Cupertino, a son, Dennis Milton Hill was born March 12, 1950, in San Jose. On July 15, 1972, Dennis Hill and Melinda Langhart were married in Healdsburg, California. They have two children. Alexander Langhart Hill was born December 25, 1980 at Healdsburg, California, and Megan Inez Hill was born March 25, 1984, at Healdsburg, California.

While on Felton Way in Cupertino, their second son, Douglas William Hill, was born January 20, 1953, in San Jose. On February 14, 1981, Douglas married Darci Yarrow in Yountville, California. They have two children. Ryan Christopher Hill was born October 21, 1981 in Napa, California, and Carly Elizabeth Hill was born March 8, 1985 in Napa, California.

Also while on Felton Way in Cupertino, their third son Randal Wayne Hill was born April 8, 1954, in San Jose. On July 8, 1978, Randal and Elaine Payne were married in Healdsburg, California. They also have two children. Adam Samuel Hill was born February 9, 1982 at Las Cruces, New Mexico, and Brenna Aileen Hill was born April 24, 1986 at Bismarck, North Dakota.

Today, the three sons of Ann and Bill Hill are involved in some form of agriculture or outdoor work. Dennis is Wine Master at Mill Creek Winery and Vineyards. He also has the Chanticleer Vineyard wines of his own. Douglas is Vineyard Manager of 600 acres for the Jaeger Vineyards in Napa County. He also leases vineyard land and sells the

Ann Petrie Hill

1950's

Ann Petrie Hill cutting apricots in the work shed of her parents Bart and Julia Petrie at their Prospect Rd property in San Jose

1937

Ann Petrie - age 15 - taken in driveway on "No. Blaney Ave. Cupertino - Background: little house our father built for milkman to leave daily milk on its front porch

1978

The Harry Hill family - Ann's husband Bill and their children at Randy Hill's (youngest son) wedding in the beautiful wine country of Healdsburg, Ca. Randy married Elaine

1950

Ann Petrie Hill at Santa Cruz

Left to right - Doug Hill, Ann Hill, Denise Zerpetek, Randy and Dennis Hill

grapes on his own, and runs a farm equipment rental business in Yountville. Bill Hill and his sons Dennis and Douglas are in partnership of their own vineyard on Foreman Lane in Healdsburg. It is run by Bill and Ann Hill today in 1991.

Their third son Randy, is a wildlife Biologist. His wife Elaine was also in the same business, with the same title, but gave it up for now to concentrate on raising their two children. They started their marriage working in the Wildlife and Environment field together, working for the government, and have traveled from Arizona to New Mexico, Australia, North Dakota and are now presently living in Othello, Washington, not too far from where Randy's grandparents had lived.

Dorothy Petric, youngest of Bart and Julia's children, married Frank George Zeszutek on June 12, 1948, at the St. Joseph Church in Cupertino. Dorothy graduated from Cupertino Grammar School in February 1939, and graduated from Fremont High School in June 1942. After high school, she went to work for the San Jose Hardware Company on San Fernando Street in San Jose. She worked there a year in their china and crystal department, then she left to attend San Jose State College which is now San Jose State University. During the war years, she worked at the Prattlow Preserving Company in Santa Clara, twelve hours a day, six days a week, so that she could save her money to attend college as a Home Economics major and Social Service minor. While working at Prattlow in the summer of 1945, whistles began to blow and there was an announcement that World War II had ended! Such emotions of shouts, of laughing and hugging, and tears of joy were displayed as you've never seen before! We had all struggled, worked and worried so much back home, not to mention what our fighting men had put up with for so long, away from home, fighting on foreign lands in Europe and the Pacific Islands. I heard from my neighbor Helen Jemin, that she and her husband, and my sister Ann and her husband Bill went to San Francisco to dance in the streets when our servicemen started coming home. Just as we all had pulled together to sacrifice and work hard, so to did we celebrate with ticker tape parades, dances and parties of joy for our men coming home. It was so good to see our brother again, all in one piece, and with meat on his bones. Around home he was always a working fool, too busy to relax and gain some weight. In the Army you were given time off to relax and have some recreation.

From Prattlow Preserving Company, and after World War II, Dorothy went to work for W. C. Lean Jewelers on the corner of San Fernando and First Street. She was married while working for Lean Jewelers and stayed there until her daughter Dennise Lynn Zeszutek was born on June 25, 1953, at the San Jose Hospital in San Jose. Frank Zeszutek worked for Ferrara Meat Company, a wholesaler, on Trimble Road in San Jose. He worked there for 30 years. He learned from my father Bart, how to barbecue meat, and became quite proficient at it. Frank was from Chicago, and they did not barbecue there until it became fashionable in the 70's.

Frank and my brother John built a honeymoon cottage for Frank and Dorothy on the folks property at South Blaney Avenue. It was built and furnished by the time they were

Dorothy Petric Zesziutek

1943
Dorothy at 18 taken on the front porch of the Petric farm house on So. Blaney Ave.

In 1940's, we wore new or clean jeans cut off below the knees forming a cuff. Pig-tails tied with ribbons completed our casual dress code
Cupertino

1944 Dorothy Petric - age 19 - Picture taken while student at San Jose State College while taking a photography class - San Jose

1949 Dorothy working at W.C. Lean Jewelers San Jose - Dressing the diamond window
San Jose

1950 Dorothy and her husband Frank Zesziutek in kitchen of their honeymoon cottage

1953 Dorothy becomes a new mother Daughter Dennise Lynn Zesziutek 6-25-53

married. Frank and Dorothy then purchased ten acres of orchard land on North Blaney Avenue from George and Ruth Becker of Sunnyvale in 1952. It was part of the forty acre Becker tract. It had apricots, three kinds of cherries, prunes, walnuts and three kinds of peaches on the property. Those were very busy years for the Zeszuteks. Frank worked at his job at Ferrara's Meat Company five days a week, and Dorothy worked for W. C. Lean Jewelers six days a week. After work and on the weekends they worked their own orchard, and helped with the folks harvest. Ann and Millie and their families also came to help during harvest time. It gave the grandchildren summer work and experience, and a little pocket money.

In 1955, Frank and Dorothy built a ranch home on their North Blaney Avenue property. As Cupertino was growing after the war years, their daughter Dennise attended five different grammar schools, before entering Jr. High. With each new school built, students were shifted from one school to another. She started in kindergarden at Collins, and by the time she was to enter Jr. High, Collins, on Vista Drive in Cupertino had become a Junior High School. After Cupertino High School, Dennise attended DeAnza College in Cupertino, and Mission College in Santa Clara. After her marriage to John Bamberger on September 25, 1985, in Marin County, she attended San Francisco State College. She is presently employed at KQED, Channel 9 in San Francisco, and resides in San Rafael. They have no children.

Frank Zeszutek died on December 13, 1985, three months after seeing his daughter get married. Dorothy remains on what's left of their ten acre parcel on North Blaney Avenue. One-third acre is left, comprising the ranch style home, twenty-nine fruit trees, and large gardens. The State of California purchased most of the orchard for the 280 freeway in 1964. Dividend Development of Santa Clara purchased almost two acres in 1979, to build a storage unit. In 1991, Dorothy has now lived on Blaney Avenue sixty-six years. She is busy working with the elderly, maintaining her home and gardens, trying to take some trips, and is a member of the Young Ladies Institute of St. Joseph Church in Cupertino, Maureen #136, and is active in the Cupertino Historical Society.

John Petric attended Cupertino Grammar School, and after graduation attended Fremont High School. From age 16 to 18, he worked part-time for Louie Paviso at his auto garage on Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road. He left high school and went to work at the P. M. Mill in Santa Clara with his father until World War II broke out and he was drafted into the U. S. Army. He was stationed in England during the European Invasion as a mechanic until the war ended in 1945. Upon his return home to the United States, he went to work at Moffett Field in Mountain View as a mechanic, and remained there until his retirement after thirty years of government service. In between working at Moffett Field, he was involved with our father in fruit growing in Cupertino and San Jose areas. After many years of working, he took a vacation to visit his fathers homeland, Yugoslavia, in 1971. There he met his wife-to-be, Mileva Jakovcevic from Split, Yugoslavia. She had two grown sons, Drago and Ante' from a previous marriage.

Son - John Michael Petrice

1937 John builds an automobile out of odd and end parts gotten from Louie Paviso's garage and Calabazas Creek - Bollinger's. Had lots of fun with this auto - Millie 17, Dorothy 12, John 19

1971 John takes trip to visit his fathers Mother land - Island of Solta - off the coast of Yugoslavia - his fathers birth place. John wears Slavic hat and shirt

1940's John enters World War II - Army Sent to England as Mechanic

1972 John marries Mileva Jakovevic from Split, Yugoslavia - Picture taken at wedding reception in San Jose

Early 1950's John builds a brick barbacue in back yard of So Blaney Ave property - Cupertino Father Bart looking on

Petrie Grand children

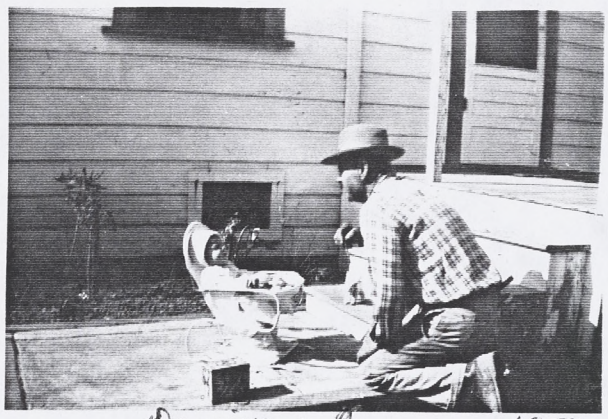
Millie Petrie Vierra with son Ron and Wally Geo. Jr.

Left Picture Grandma Julia and grandson Ron sitting on redwood bench grandpa made in Petrie back yard

1946

1940's

Grandpa Petrie sharing moment with grand daughter Dennise Lynn Zergiotes



Dennise & Pa 1953

1953

1940's Ron Vierra in sailor outfit at large barn entrance on Grandpa's property on So. Blaney Ave.

1950's

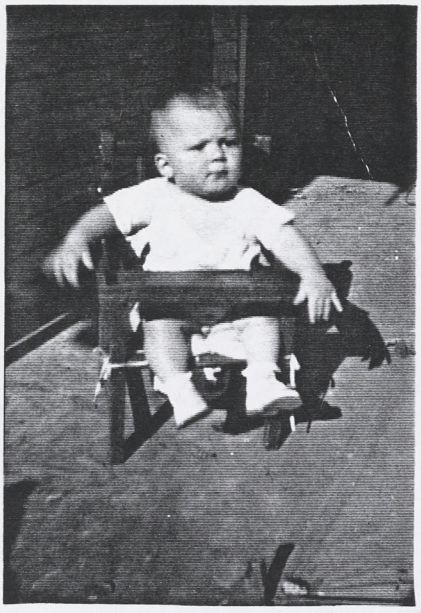
1940's George Jr. Vierra feeding chickens at Grandma Petrie's on So. Blaney Ave. Cupertino

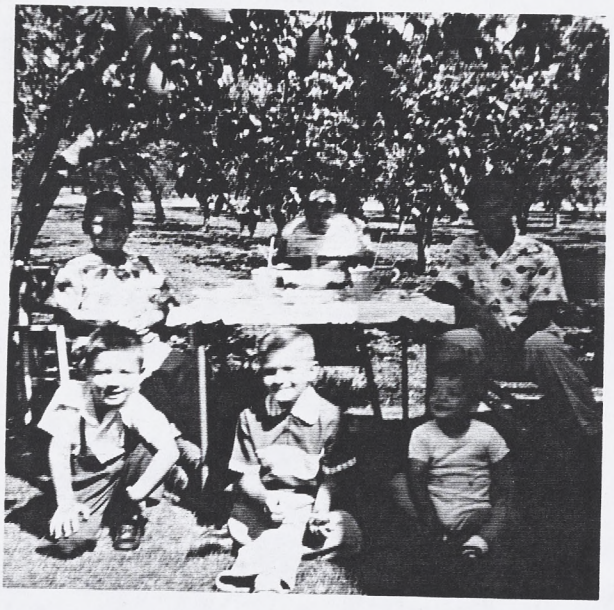
All grand children at Ann & Bill Hill's Easter time Mary, Geo Jr, Ron, Dennise Doug & Denise 6 cousins (Randy Hill was not born yet making 7 Petrie grand children)

Grand children at the Petrie So. Blaney Ave. Property

Left - Dennis Hill about 2 yrs. old feeding Grandma Julia's chickens 1950's

Right - George Jr. Vierra about 9 months old 1940's





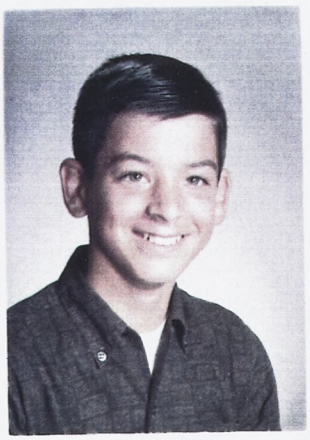
1954 - Above left. Dennise Zesziteh celebrates her first birthday on the Zesziteh front lawn under a prune tree. Her cousins Ron, Geo. Jr and Gary Vierra, Dennis, Douglas and Randy Hill were present.

Above - right - Douglas Hill about 3 yrs. old in grandma Julia's bedroom on So. Blaney home Aunt Dorothy made his trousers - Grandpa supplied the hat,

Lower right - Dennis Hill about 4, helping to pick cherries

Petric Grand Children
Early Years

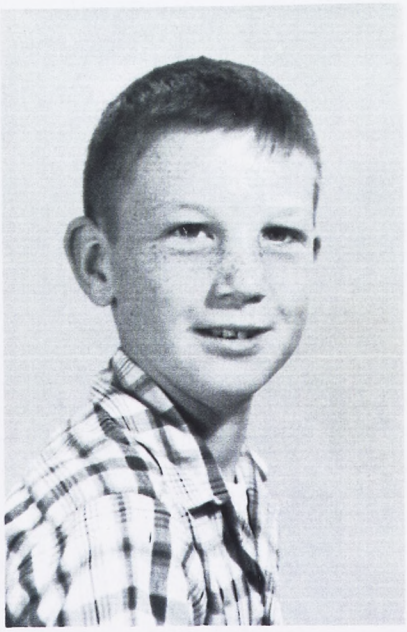
1950's Dennise Zeszutek - Holy Communion
St. Joseph Church Cupertino



1950's Doug Hill

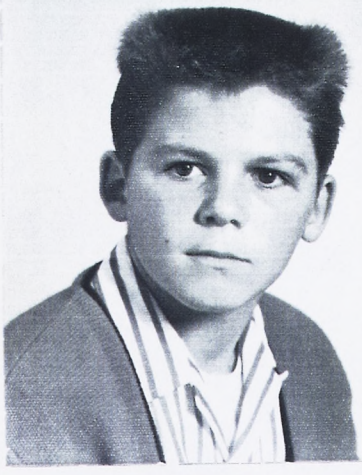
1950's Randy Hill

1940's Geo. Vierra Jr., Gary Vierra
Ron Vierra and Frank Zeszutek - Petric property



1950's Dennis Hill

1950's Dennise Zeszutek

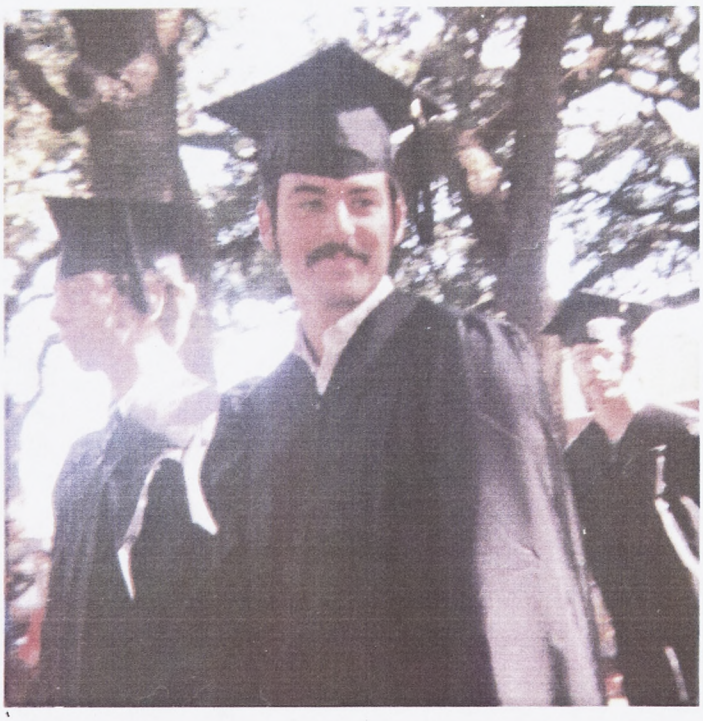


1950's George Vierra Jr.

Petric Grandchildren Growing Up

1970's Left to right -
Douglas Hill, Dennise Zeszutek and
Randy Hill - Zeszutek Home

1960's Dennise Lynn
Zeszutek 15 yrs. old



Late 1970's Douglas Hill
graduates from college in
Santa Rosa, Ca.

1970's Ron Vierra and
brother George Jr. in
grandma Julia's kitchen
on Prospect Rd. in San Jose

Grand Children Grow up

as teens Dennis, Douglas & Randy Hill at their home in Healdsburg Ca.

1950's Apricot Harvest at the Zesztetes Petrie's, Hills and Zesztetes

1960's Pictures at right Grandma's Doug Hill Denise Z Randy H. & Dennis Hill

1978 Randy Hill & Elaine Payne are married in Healdsburg

1980's George Vierra Jr. Gary & Ron Vierra have Luau barbecue with whole roast pig for parents anniversary party in Sept.

1980's Denise Zesztetes graduation

John Petric, his Step Children and Step Grand children

8-14-71

1971 John's fiancee, Mileva Jakovevic with her sons Anté (playing the accordian) and Drago in Split, Yugoslavia
Mileva and John's Engagment Party

1972 John marries Mileva in San Jose - Note Slavic wedding cake in background made out of peanut-brittle type ingredients, decorated with whole white almonds with soft gems on top - Cake is broken by bride & groom & pieces passed around

1972 Anté, John's youngest Step son, joins John and Mileva at the Prospect Rd. Petric family home

About 1973 - Mileva's oldest son Drago and his wife Maria with their sons Tony and Emil come to the United States to join the family

all pictured Mileva, Dora, Frank & Daniela Bezuelli Card Yard

Susie Hrozencik with her children Rudy, Joe and Julia, came to the United States through Ellis Island, New York in 1905. Susie's husband, Joe Hrozencik, had come to the United States earlier to obtain work, make and save some money before returning to his family in Czechoslovakia. He changed his mind and brought his family to the United States. Julia, about 7, is John, Millie, Ann and Dorothy's mother.

Ann + Bill Hills Eldest Son

DEC, 31, 1985

San Francisco Examiner / SECTION E

Chanticleer's Hill an artist with wine

By Mildred Hamilton
OF THE EXAMINER STAFF

DENNIS HILL put down his palette to become another kind of artist. His new medium is wine.

Instead of a studio, he has a laboratory in a 1901 white Victorian in Healdsburg, and instead of canvases, there are prize-winning bottles wearing his colorful Chanticleer label.

Today the Sonoma County native identifies himself as a wine *negociant* rather than painter.

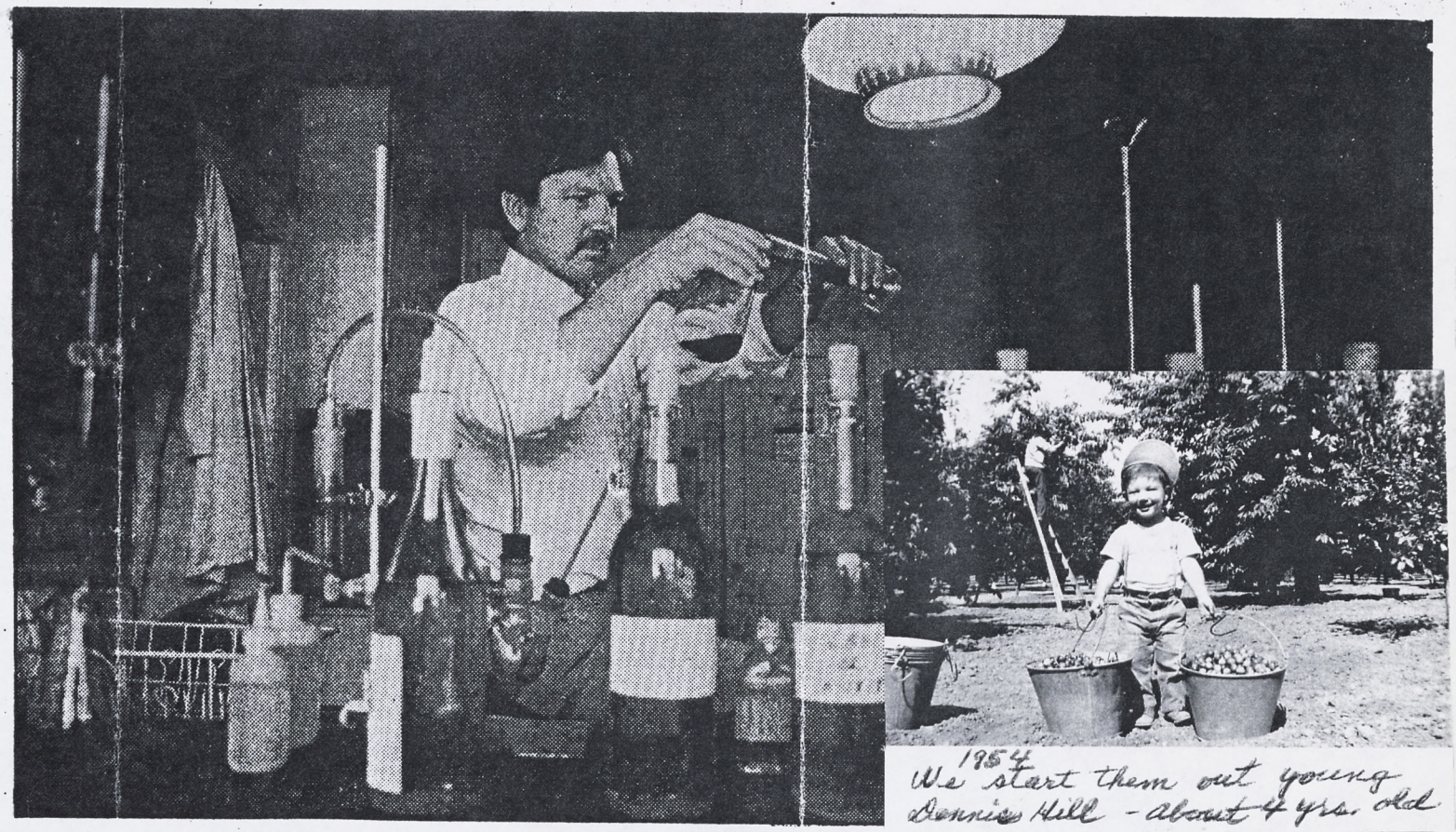
Hill, a freckled, pink-cheeked and mustachioed 35-year-old, raised a glass of his "fruity and refreshing" 1979 Zinfandel and talked about the path that took him to Europe, first for art, and then for wine.

Schooling, in-the-vineyard training — "that means getting purple every year," said his national marketing director Suzanne Pasky — and working his way up to winemaker at Alexander Valley Vineyards prepared him for his current role, an unusual one in Northern California.

He is owner and winemaker of Healdsburg's Chanticleer Vineyards, but he is operating it in the French fashion. As a *negociant*, he is the composer, the man who blends and ages and finishes wine to bring it to pouring peak.

Hill has his own laboratory, his educated taste buds and expert nose, as well as the scientific background and practical experience. However, he doesn't own the ground where the grapes are grown or the buildings and equipment where the grapes are crushed and the wines fermented, blended, aged and bottled. Instead he works with different producers and facilities to create his own product.

He calls his wines Chanticleer. Why Chanticleer? The poetry in the name, the chanticleer's colorful role in literature and the word's translation, "clear song," responds Hill, who chose Chris Biagi to design the distinctive rooster label.



1954 We start them out young Dennis Hill - about 4 yrs. old

Negociant Dennis Hill blends and finishes wines to create new and savory combinations Fred Mertz

Hill started Chanticleer Vineyards four years ago, when he was still winemaker at Alexander Valley Vineyards. This January he left there to give his full time to his own company. Nine wines have now proudly worn the label.

The quartet currently available — 1979 Sonoma County Zinfandel, 1984 Sonoma County Sauvignon Blanc, the 1984 Alexander Valley Dry Chenin Blanc and the 1984 California Colombard — are all prize-winners in various California wine competitions. His popular 1980 Chardonnay is now a happy memory, but the 1983 Chardonnay is just being released.

Sitting before the fire in an ornately trimmed room of the Victorian headquarters, Hill was surrounded by wine lore. Turn-of-the-century winemaker Demetrio Lorenzini, who built the house, did his bottling in the vast cellar. Across Healdsburg Avenue there are still a few of his vines.

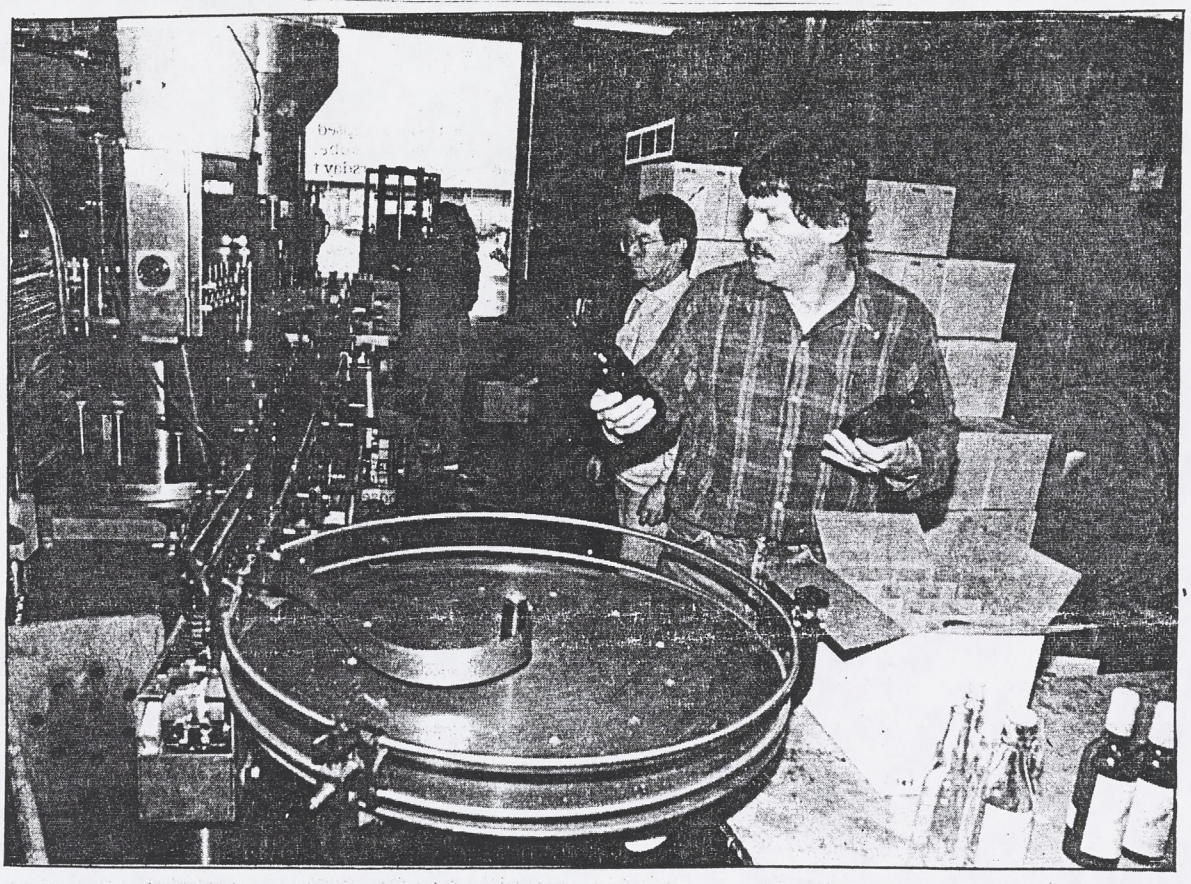
"My wife's grandparents bought the property in 1945," said Hill, whose own father has now expanded his fruit orchards to grow grapes. Hill, who then saw his future as an artist, earned a degree in fine arts at San Jose State and set out for Europe "to observe life and art."

Back home he tried to develop his surrealistically influenced painting, and he ac

— Please see WINE, E-7

A Grand Son Busy at His Trade

1991
George Vierra Jr. at his "Napa Valley Winery "Merlion" introducing half liter bottle



AL FRANCIS/REGISTER

Vintner George Vierra and winemaker John McKay (left) man the bottling line as Merlion becomes first winery offering 500ml bottles of wine.

Merlion produces half liter bottle

Winery says trend toward moderation is motivation

By L. PIERCE CARSON
Register Staff Writer

Citing "moderation" as a driving factor, Napa's Merlion Winery became the first domestic producer Thursday to offer its wine in a new half liter (500ml) bottle.

The release of Merlion's 1987 cabernet sauvignon in the 500ml bottle capped a struggle begun two years ago by George Vierra, winery general partner.

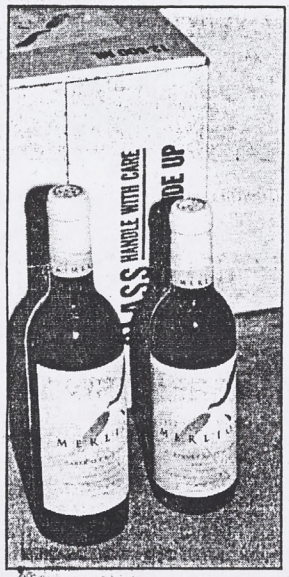
Garnering support from other vintners, the trade, consumers and members of the wine press, Vierra petitioned the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (BATF) for permisson to offer the intermediate sized bottle throughout the country.

Federal interstate commerce regulations prohibited shipment of half liter bottles of wine across state lines.

As one of the reasons for the ban, federal regulators felt the intermediate sized bottle might prove confusing to consumers.

Steadfastly maintaining current trends toward moderation in consumption of alcoholic beverages necessitated something other than the 375ml and 750ml bottles, Vierra first petitioned BATF in February of 1989.

The Napa vintner contended a 750ml bottle of wine is often too much for a couple to consume with a meal and the 375ml, on occasion, not enough. Furthermore, few producers offer their wines in the smaller 375ml package.



The 500ml bottle, at left, compared to the 375ml bottle.

After drumming up support from both vintners and consumers, Vierra's two years of hard work paid off on Feb. 20, 1991, when BATF declared the half liter bottle legal for interstate sale.

On Thursday, Merlion's small staff worked throughout the day bottling the 800 cases of cabernet sauvignon in the newly approved half liter bottles.

"The moderation issue plays a big part," Vierra said of his decision to push for the new bottle size. "I expect it to have a big impact on the market.

"We've been working for several months with our northern California distributor, JALCO, to pre-sell this first limited offering. At this point, 700 of our 800 cases have been allocated. We're keeping 50 cases for sale here in the Napa Valley.

"Moderation is the key. That's going to be our salvation, helping the industry (out of a projected drop in overall wine consumption)."

Vierra pointed to a recent UCLA study as supportive of his decision. That study indicates "the half liter bottle offers the dining couple a more convenient bottle size, encourages moderation, eliminates the possibility of spoilage of wine left over and gives the public an opportunity to purchase a fine bottle of wine in a half liter bottle at two-thirds the price of a 750ml bottle of wine."

The Napa vintner now hopes other wineries will follow suit, making it economical for an American manufacturer to produce the moderately sized wine bottle.

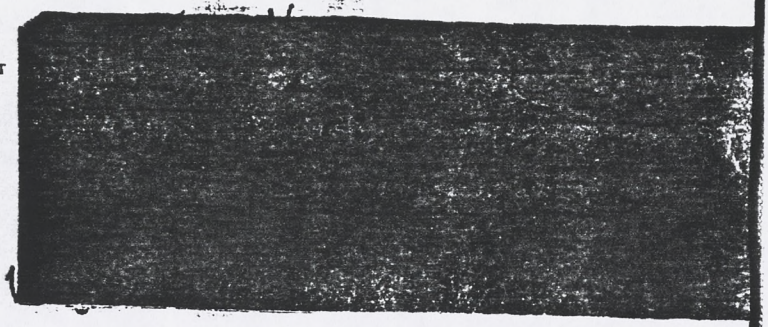
At present, Vierra must import his bottles from France through the Napa firm of Demptos Glass at a cost greater than what he pays for the 750ml size.

"I'm spending $7.50 for a case of the 500ml bottles," he added. "I'm paying $4.50 for a case of domestically produced 750ml bottles."

Vierra said about 65 percent of the 500ml bottles of '87 cabernet is going to retail shops, the rest to restaurants. "We've found that people are enjoying wine more at home these days and, as a result, are buying their wine at re

1948
Lower right George Vierra Jr. about 3 years old taken at Grandparents So. Blaney Ave. property Cupertino Backyard

MERLION WINERY
880 VALLEJO STREET
NAPA, CA 94559
707/226-5568
FAX 707/226-5590



FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Today Merlion Winery became the first domestic winery to offer its wine in the new half-litre (500 ml) bottle. George Vierra, General Partner, announced that 800 cases of 1987 Cabernet Sauvignon have been released to the Northern California market.

Merlion Winery has been working for several months with its Northern California distributor, Juillard Alpha (JALCO), to pre-sell this first limited offering, with the result that all of the wine has been allocated. Along with the half-litre shipment, Merlion is also releasing 150 cases of the same wine in the standard 750 ml bottles more familiar to the wine and food public. The suggested retail prices are $11.00 for the 500 ml bottle and $16.50 for the 750 ml bottle.

To George Vierra, seeing Merlion wines bottled in the new scaled down bottles is the realization of a dream he hatched in the mid-1980's. In February, 1989, George started the petition process to have the half-litre bottle legalized for inter-state sale in the United States. He was joined enthusiastically by a number of journalists, members of the trade, other vintners and consumers. Merlion's two years of work paid off: finally, on February 20, 1991, the half-litre bottle became legal for inter-state sale.

The arguments used by Merlion two years ago in convincing the Federal Government to legalize the 500 ml bottle were the same as the conclusions published recently by the Anderson Graduate School of Management at UCLA in a paper "The California Sparkling Wine Industry - Opportunities in Alternative Packaging". The paper states that " the half-litre bottle offers the dining couple a more convenient bottle size, encourages moderation, eliminates the possibility of spoilage of wine left over and gives the public an opportunity to purchase a fine bottle of wine in a half-litre bottle at two-thirds the price of a 750 ml bottle of wine."

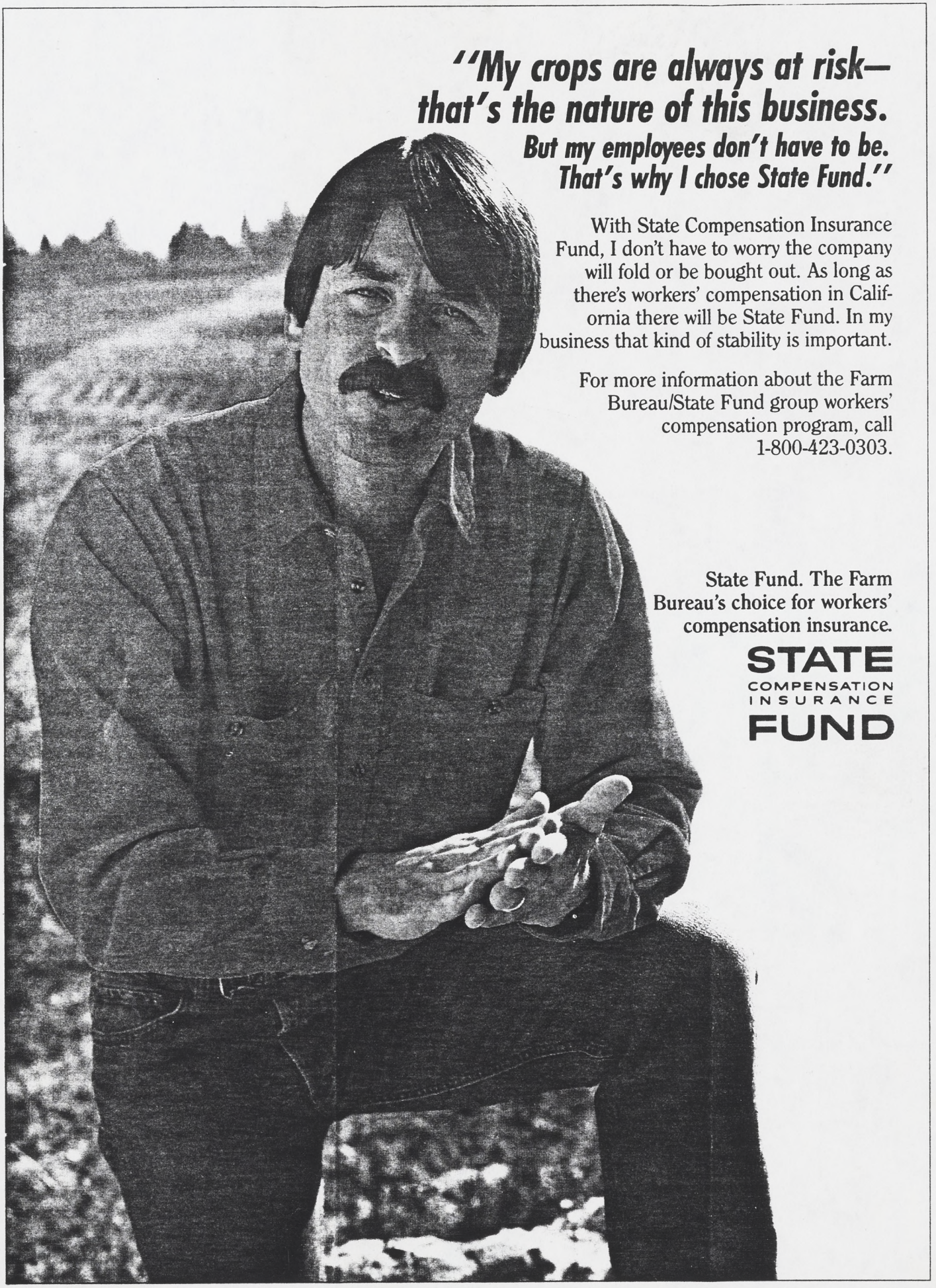
Merlion's half-litre Cabernet Sauvignon will be available in selected Northern California shops and restaurants, at the winery in Napa (call in advance at 707-226-5568), and at the Merlion Tasting Room at Vintner's Village, two miles north of St. Helena on Hwy. 29.

Later in the Spring, Merlion will be releasing in half-litre bottles limited quantities of Chardonnay, Pinot Noir and Coeur de Melon (Pinot Blanc). Two Meritage wines, both blends of Sauvignon blanc and Semillon, will also be released: Sauvrier, a white dinner wine, and Blanc Doux, a late harvest dessert wine.

Monday, February 25, 1991

Contact George Vierra for more information.

Petrie Grandson



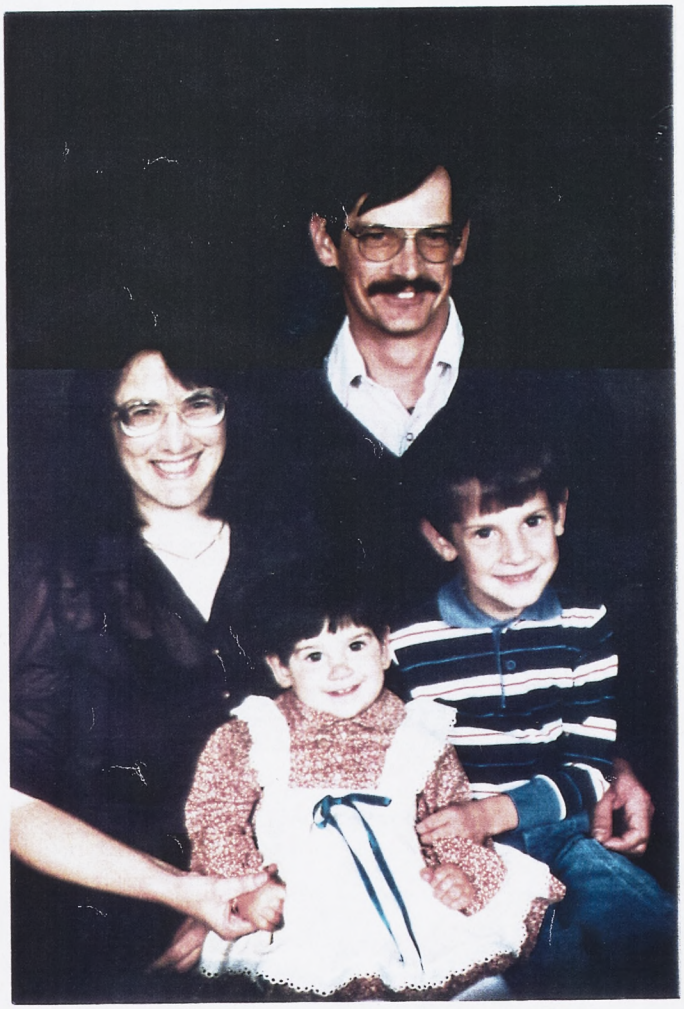
1980's

Douglas Hill, middle son of Ann Petrie Hill as an adult - grandson of Bart & Julia Petrie. He does not work for State Farm, but owns 600 acres Vineyard in Sonoma

Bart and Julia Petric's Great Grand Children

1985 Alexander and Megan Hill Children of Dennis and Melinda Hill - Healdsburg

1986 Brenna Aileen Hill, daughter of Randy and Elaine Hill taken in Bismarck, North Dakota



1987 Randy + Elaine Hill and their Children Adam Samuel + Brenna Hill

1982 Darci and Doug Hill and their son Ryan, Christopher Hill - Yountville, Ca.

1985 a daughter Carly Elizabeth Hill was born to Doug + Darci - At present there is no picture of Carly

Drago was married to Maria, and they had two little boys, Tony and Emil. Ante' was single. Both sons were trained to be Engineers.

After John returned home from his trip abroad, he sent for Mileva and they were married in a Catholic Church in San Jose in 1972. John and Mileva lived with our mother at the Petric home that our parents had built on a fifteen acre apricot and prune orchard they purchased from Harold Jepsen in the early 1950's on Prospect Road in San Jose. The Blaney Avenue property was sold in the early 1950's after residing there for twenty-nine years. Shortly after their marriage, John sent for Ante' to come to this country, who was alone and single. After our mother died in 1977, John sent for Drago, Maria and their two boys. All John's stepchildren and stepgrandchildren have occupied the family home on Prospect Road in San Jose. John Petric and his family live at the family home at this writing, 1991. Ante' has married and has a son of his own.

History Repeats Itself

It's ironic that a repeat in history has been bestowed on the Petric family. Back in the 1800's on the island of Solta, where our grandparents finally planted their roots, they started a vineyard to grow grapes to make wine to sell and for their own use. Now, three generations later in the 1990's, four of the seven Petric grandchildren are in the business, tending vineyards, growing grapes and wine making.

Bart Petric died in 1962, and our mother Julia Petric died in 1977. Even though they are gone, today their teachings, cultures and personalities have left an indelible mark on all their children and grandchildren. God bless them. We are all proud to share, use and display whatever they have left to us remaining Petric's today, and for the generations to follow.

Composed by Dorothy Petric Zeszutek
with special thanks to:

Julia Petric - letter written in the
1970's to daughter Ann Hill.
Ann Petric Hill,
Mildred Petric Vierra,
John Michael Petric,
George J. Vierra, Jr.,
Ron Vierra - for editing,
graphics and word processing
and Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Pfeffer

AVERY®
PV119

WILLIAM PFEFFER,

William Pfeffer Family
By Clarice Smith Wright
March 1991

William Pfeffer, pioneer orchardist, settled in Cupertino in 1868. He came to the United States from Wertenberg, Germany, where he was born and arrived in Illinois in 1865. There he met and married Catherine Sehi who was born in Ohio of German parents.

Mr. Pfeffer had a sister living in San Francisco who financed his move to California where he continued in the cigar making business that he had learned in Germany. He was advised by his doctor to give up cigar making and move to a milder climate. He purchased 80 acres of land at the upper end of Prospect Road. He then homesteaded 80 adjoining acres. He then sent for his wife and 2 children.

The 160 acres were rugged, hilly and covered with native brush. In order to clear the land so he could carry out his dream of having a model vineyard, he hired workmen to do the work. They were paid a wage and all their meals.

As time went by, William and Catherine had 6 more children, William Jr., George, Henry, Elizabeth and twins Robert and Emma, all deceased. There was a second set of twins who died in infancy. When the children were old enough they worked on the ranch. The vineyard was planted and a winery built. He experimented with all types of grapes and grapevine root, grafting new slips on his vines. He sent all over the United States for grapevines. He perfected the Pfeffer Cabernet grape and made a prize winning wine known as the Pfeffer Cabernet. It was shipped to San Francisco, New York and places in between. It was still being produces until a few years ago. He won a bronze medal at the 1904 St Louis World's Fair. He had dialogue with the professors at the University of California on different aspects of agriculture.

After a number of years his vineyard was all but destroyed by the dreaded phylloxera blight. However, he was not discouraged. He continued to experiment with the perfection of the grapevine. After this catastrophe he planted prune, apricot and olive trees. He also raised hay and grain for their use and as feed for the animals. There were a few cows, chickens, pigs and a vegetable garden.

The first home to be built on the property was small with outdoor facilities - no indoor plumbing. The home burned to the ground and he

built a larger home consisting of seven rooms with a porch on 3 sides which was typical of farm houses in those days.

The family worked the ranch with some outside help and the women did the household chores. My mother, Emma Pfeffer Smith, helped do most of the cooking for the family and hired help when she was old enough. She would bake 12 loaves of bread at a time in a wood burning oven. The help was provided sleeping quarters and meals as well as wages. When the cows were milked the milk was put in the cellar in big pans. When the "big quake" of 1906 happened the containers of milk spilled milk all over the cellar floor. It made a "terrible mess", I was told by my Mother.

The children had to walk from the ranch to the Lincoln Elementary school which was located on the corner of Highway 9 and Prospect Road. Because of the inclement weather and the distance Mr. Pfeffer built a town house in San Jose. In the winter the family, mother and children would live in town and the children attended a nearby school. This town house was also convenient during the year when the family had to go to San Jose for supplies. They would spend the night because of the distance from San Jose to Prospect Road, Cupertino.

All members of the family worked hard and they also played hard. There were dances with the Pfeffer sons playing music with the help from friends. There were picnics and gatherings with neighbors. They were great picnic people in those days.

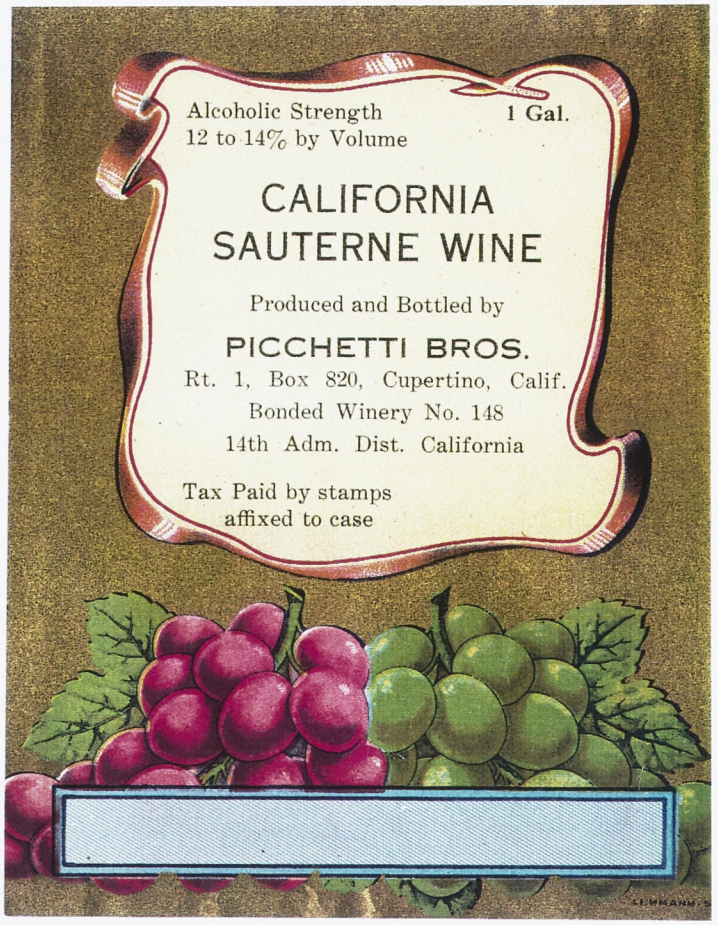
Catherine Pfeffer was an active woman in the community and had many friends. She was an active member in the St. Joseph's Catholic Church of Cupertino. She taught her daughters to sew and do all types of beautiful bead work by the light of kerosene lamps. She died in 1911 at the age of 64.

The Pfeffer ranch was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older in about 1913. William Pfeffer then bought a parcel of property on Morrison Avenue in San Jose next to his oldest daughter where he built a small home and continued to work in his small orchard. He never stopped experimenting. The morning of his death in 1923 he had worked his garden. He died at the age of 84.

The 160 acres are now part of the Mid-Penninsula Regional Park System and has reverted to its natural state.

It has been a pleasure to write this history of the William Pfeffer family. I am his granddaughter and there are 6 other grandchildren living and many great grandchildren.

Alcoholic Strength 13% by Volume
CALIFORNIA
CLARET WINE
Produced and Bottled by
PICCHETTI BROS.
Rt. 2, Box 493, Cupertino, California
Bonded Winery No. 148
Tax Paid by Stamps
Affixed to Case
14th Adm. Dist.
Calif.


Alcoholic Strength
12 to 14% by Volume
1 Gal.
CALIFORNIA
SAUTERNE WINE
Produced and Bottled by
PICCHETTI BROS.
Rt. 1, Box 820, Cupertino, Calif.
Bonded Winery No. 148
14th Adm. Dist. California
Tax Paid by stamps
affixed to case

KALEIDOSCOPE

The Human Touch

by ---a. "Pete" Emig

THE TALL PINE TREES ARE SENTINELS WATCHING

OVER THE ACREAGE BETWEEN DEEP CLIFF AND THE STEVENS CREEK DAM THAT WAS KNOWN 93 YEARS AGO AS THE VILLA MARIA AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CUPERTINO CREEK CANYON. THESE PINE TREES WERE PLANTED MORE THAN 80 YEARS AGO BY VINCENT PICCHETTI, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE JESUIT FATHERS.

VILLA MARIA WAS PURCHASED IN TWO PARCELS FROM THE UNITED STATES. THE ORIGINAL DEEDS WERE SIGNED OVER BY PRESIDENT GRANT IN 1869 AND 1870 TO CATHERINE DUNCAN AND THOMAS BROUGHAM WHO SOLD THE 322-ACRE PARCEL TO THE SANTA CLARA UNIVERSITY IN 1870. BY 1885, MORE THAN 75 ACRES OF GRAPES AND A GROVE OF OLIVES WERE UNDER CULTIVATION. THERE WERE HOMES FOR THE WORKERS, A WINERY & A WEEK-END RETREAT FOR JESUIT TEACHERS WITH FACILITIES TO TAKE CARE OF MORE THAN 100. ON THE N. BANK OF THE CUPERTINO CREEK (NOW STEVENS CK.) STOOD A CATHEDRAL FOR WORSHIP, CUPERTINO'S FIRST CHURCH, THE VILLA MARIA CHAPEL.

HECTOR PICCHETTI, YOUNGEST AND ONLY LIVING SON OF VINCENT AND THERESA, WAS BAPTIZED IN THE VILLA MARIA CHAPEL IN 1891. AS HIS BROTHERS BEFORE HIM (JOHN, ANTON, ATTILIO), HECTOR ALSO GRADUATED FROM THE ONE ROOM MONTEBELLO GRAMMAR SCHOOL. AT THE AGE OF EIGHT, HE RECALLS:

"**all dressed up** we used to walk to the Villa Maria Chapel for catechism. I well remember the singing of the choir during mass. There were the Henny girls, Grace, Zita, Clara, and the Selenger girls, Chloe, Clara, Gertrude, and Stella. They really were good singers, and they looked so pretty in their huge feathered hats."

Hector J. Picchetti

VETERAN OF WORLD WAR I

HECTOR STARTED A SAN JOSE DELIVERY STABLE IN 1910, AND ENDED HIS BUSINESS CAREER AS A NASH AUTO DEALER IN THE THIRTIES. NOW RETIRED AND STILL A BACHELOR, HE LIVES ON THE OLD HOMESTEAD, BUILT IN 1882 ON MONTEBELLO ROAD.

SCENE OF THE VILLA MARIA AS DESCRIBED BY HECTOR. THE CHAPEL, BUILT IN 1872, IS FROM AN OLD PHOTO. THE ORIGINAL ACREAGE WAS PURCHASED BY RAY BYRON IN 1945. MADE OF STONE, THE WINERY IS THE ONLY BUILDING LEFT.

Their first son was a stillbirth, in 1883, after Theresa suffered a nasty fall while chasing a cow out of the garden with a pitchfork. In 1884, Antone was born. He died in 1948 after working on the ranch all of his life. Secondo was the next son born, in 1885. In 1891 he died, only six years old, after suffering a terrible stomachache. It was thought that he had eaten some green fruit, but it was probably a ruptured appendix. Next came John, born 1886. John died in 1962 after giving his entire life to the ranch. The next son, Attillo, was born in 1888 and died in 1952. Vincenzo's and Theresa's last son, Hector, was born in 1891 and died in 1967.

Sometime in the late 1880's, Theresa sent for her sister, Louisa. She came from Italy tp help Theresa raise her growing family. Louisa was a pillar of strength for her family and her many friends. She would supervise the winery, wine-making and all aspects of the farm. There are some wonderful stories about her and she was greatly loved by her family and friends. Louisa died in 1948.

In the late 1880's the Picchetti's winery building was built. The family had $8000 in the bank and the country's economy was going down. So it was decided that the balance should be withdrawn to build a new winery. As fate had it, the next day the bank collapsed.

Antone started school in 1890/91. He attended San Antonio School for one year. Monte Bello School was built in 1892 to serve the children living on Monte Bello Ridge. This school still stands and still teaches the mountain children. It will be celebrating its centennial in 1992. There has been a member of the Picchetti family on the school board almost continuously from 1892 to the late 1970's.

In 1904, Vincenzo Picchetti died of an apparent heart attack, at the age of 56. Theresa and Louisa carried on and raised the remaining sons. Around 1915 Theresa, Louisa, Attillo, and Hector moved to San Jose to a grand house on St. Theresa St., across the street from the old College of Notre Dame. Here they lived a life of ease, entertaining family and friends almost every day. Attillo and Hector became prominant businessmen in San Jose.

Antone and John married and raised their families on the ranch on Monte Bello. The last year wine was made was 1963 and the winery was closed in 1972. In 1977 the winery and ranch were sold to the Mid-Peninsula Open Space District.

Vincenzo and Theresa Picchetti had seven grandchildren, nine great grandchildren, and eighteen great great grandchildren. Soon, in 1991, there will be a great, great, great grandchild.

THE VINCENZO PICCHETTI FAMILY

By Tish Picchetti

March 1991

Vincenzo Picchetti was born in Fomarco, Italy, which is located on the northwest border of Italy - almost on the Swiss border. He was born to a family of winemakers and vintners.

In 1872, Vincenzo came to America. As he was saying 'good-bye' to his family and friends, he went to the local grocery and wine shop to say goodbye to the Ciccoletti family. He told them jokingly that when he had made his fortune he would return to marry one of their daughters. He sailed to New York, then boarded another ship and sailed to the Isthmus of Panama. There he crossed by train to the Pacific and boarded another ship headed for California.

He first went to Salinas where several of his brothers had settled. Apparently there were four brothers who settled there. It is unknown if they came to the United States together or separately.

Shortly after, Vincenzo was hired by the Jesuits at Santa Clara College (now University of Santa Clara) to be foreman at Villa Maria, located on Stevens Creek Road, where they made sacramental wines. Villa Maria was also used as a retreat house for the Jesuits. The grounds consisted of a chapel, dormitories, communal dining hall, winery, orchard, gardens, Stations of the Cross, and living quarters for staff and families. There are some trees still existing that Vincenzo planted - chestnuts, pines, and Italian cypresses.

The Jesuits advised Vincenzo to buy land in the area, so his brother Secondo and he began to purchase property. They cleared the land and sold firewood down in the valley. Somewhere along the way, they started to call the area Monte Bello. Sometime in 1870, they built a house which still stands today. Secondo and his wife, Theresa lived in the house and Vincenzo continued to work and live at the Villa Maria. In 1884 Vincenzo bought Secondo's share of the ranch. Secondo's wife had seen a bear below the house and was so frightened that she insisted that they move to San Jose. In 1885 the big yellow house, which is still standing, was begun and was completed in 1891.

In 1882, Vincenzo returned to Italy to fetch a wife. Theresa Ciccoletti was still available, and he asked her to be his wife. She accepted and at the age of 23, returned to the United States with Vincenzo. They settled at the Villa Maria for several years.

Portal

Jean Baptiste Jules "Louis" Portal
(from Like Modern Edens,
Charles Sullivan, 1982, Pg. 42)

"Louis" Portal, a Frenchman, came to the Santa Clara Valley in 1869 and purchased some land in San Jose. After making some money in real estate he sought a small bit of land west of Cupertino and planted imported Burgundy varieties of grapes. In 1878 he moved to Stevens Creek Road and planted 30 acres of the Burgundies. He eventually enlarged his holdings to close to 200 acres and made some of the best red wine in the area for the next 10 years.

Portal was active in promoting use of high quality grapes for quality wine and was a leader of the valley's vineyardists. He built a magnificent Victorian mansion where he lived with his wife, Mathilda, and his seven children. In 1893 he returned to France accompanied by his beautiful second cousin abandoning his wife and children. Mathilda Portal operated the Burgundy Vineyard until the late 1890's when the phylloxera microbe and debts forced her to sell.

Regnart

AVERY® PV119

THE REGNART FAMILY

by

Hazel Regnart Fretwell

June 29, 1976

The Regnart family descended from William Regnart of London, England. He was one of the largest wholesale butchers in London. Hearing of the fabulous fortunes to be made in California, he embarked from Liverpool with his four sons, William, Robert, Harry and Arthur. They sailed around the Horn and arrived in California around 1870. Not having success at mining in Nevada and Arizona, they came to the Santa Clara Valley. Here, William Sr. purchased a quarter section in the Valley and eighty acres up Regnart Canyon, then named Regnart Gulch. Herbert William Regnart, great grandson of William Regnart, still lives in Regnart Canyon.

Two of the four sons returned to England. Life here for the city born Englishmen was too rigorous. Harry Regnart remained and eventually went into the meat business in Santa Clara. His brother William stayed also.

William Regnart Junior, after a few years of wheat farming, sold his forty acres south of Regnart Creek in the flatland, and went up Regnart Canyon to raise grapes. He had a small winery and made trips to England to sell his wine. Years later in 1919, Herbert W. Regnart, eldest son of William, purchased twenty acres of the original forty. This is the land on which stands Regnart School.

Two Regnart families were raised in Regnart Canyon. Herbert Regnart, son of William Regnart, raised six children: Margaret, Hazel, Eva, Alice, Herbert Jr., and Donald. The Robert Regnart family is descended from the Robert who returned to England. He, in turn, sent his son Robert, who married his first cousin Jessie, to California. Robert raised seven children: Stanley, Leroy, Olswald, Doris, Berniece, Maurice and Thelma.

Herbert Regnart married Anna Gagliasso of the pioneer Gagliasso family who lived up Stevens Creek Canyon, first at Montebello, and then at Table Mountain.

William Regnart's first wife died, and by his second wife he had Virginia Regnart (Montgomery), Douglas Regnart, and Marjorie Regnart. All of William Regnart's children are deceased except Marjorie, age 80, who lives in Pacific Grove.

All of Herbert Regnart Sr.'s family are living except Margaret (died 1946) and in Robert Regnart's family all are living except Doris.

September 4, 1977

Regnart Canyon

The story of Regnart Canyon begins in England and in Germany around 1870. A certain William Regnart booked passage for himself and four sons Arthur, Harry, Robert, William, and arrived in San Francisco with a collection of books and some fine furniture and a piano. Theo Scharf came from Germany with his wife and two sons, Julius and Victor. There may have been other Scharfs, but their history is not known. They also had musical instruments. William Regnart, the father, bought forty acres for each of his four sons, in the area roughly bounded by Regnart Creek, Bubb Road, Stelling Road, and Rainbow Drive. This is just opposite to the entrance to Regnart Road. The brothers tried wheat farming in Cupertino and even mining in Nevada for a short time. Then Arthur and Robert returned to England, probably homesick and not accustomed to the wildness of the land, since they were city boys.

In the meantime, William Regnart bought an additional 120 acres up at the head of Regnart Canyon beyond where Theo Scharf had purchased 19+ acres from Ed Hanrahan. The brothers sold their four parcels. Elizabeth Lowe Watson bought next to Regnart Creek and built a beautiful two story home naming her holdings Sunny Brae. The Samuel Williams family bought twenty acres from William and Robert Regnart. This

bordered Bubb and Rainbow. It was later sold to Paul Mariani and finally went to subdividers. Harry Regnart moved to the city of Santa Clara.

The history of a land is indelibly stamped with the history of the people who worked the land. Prior to 1885, no one lived up the canyon with the possible exception of the Indians who may have camped near the springs. The east side of the canyon from the opening all the way up to the tower near the Fremont Older property was owned by pioneer J. P. Bubb. He had 316 acres. Ed Hanrahan and William Regnart owned the west side and William Regnart also owned the lower portion of the east side starting about half way up the canyon.

At that time, around 1874, the canyon was untamed land covered with greasewood, poison oak, and several kinds of oak trees. In the creek were huge eucalyptus, laurel trees, sometimes called bay trees, toyon bushes, wild lilac, elderberry and buckeye. Willows grew along the banks. In later years the Regnart children picked the pussy willows, colored them with colored chalk for the teachers at Lincoln School and told the "flatlander kids" that they grew that way. Poison oak grew rampant among the ferns and the greasewood. The children born in the canyon seemed to have a natural immunity to the plant if they showed proper respect for it. There were a few gooseberry bushes on the east side of the creek. The gooseberries were smooth, not covered with the prickly skin of the northern California wild gooseberries.

There were deer, bobcats, chipmunks, coyotes, squirrels, raccoons, badgers and skunks or civet cats. Several kinds of snakes, including rattlers, gopher snakes and king snakes made many a meal on the gophers and field mice. Birds were in abundance, including hawks and buzzards constantly soaring and dipping to get their share of small wildlife. The buzzards took care of the carrion while the hawks swooped down for mice and gophers and baby birds. Lizards sunned on the logs and rocks and ate insects.

Wildflowers grew in profusion, houndstongue, trilium, solomon seal, brodea, buttercups, thousands of poppies, larkspur, and wild iris just to name a few. The rare mariposa lilly grew on the ridges in the hot sun protected by the wild grass. Wild mustard grew five to six feet tall up on the west ridge and down the hillsides.

Then around 1885 came the first settlers. Theo Scharf built on his 19 acres on both sides of the road that wound up the canyon. Horses, wagons and hand labor did all the work. His large unpainted house was built on the west side up a little ravine, practically astride it. A large shop and even larger barn were built on the east side of the road. Water ran in a ditch on the upper side of the barn at the edge of the road and salamanders gathered in the dampness to escape the heat. In Mabel Noonan's book, "Samuel R. Williams Family," mention is made of that family listening to music and song emanating from the Scharf home. Bernice Regnard Midstokke recalls that Julius Scharf was a talented violinist. The brothers never married and in later years became recluses who lived apart and did not even share the home. They were scientists and inventors of sorts and were constantly tinkering with bottles and test tubes. When the family home burned after the deaths of the parents, and after Julius had lived in it alone for many years, Julius built a little cabin up another ravine to the north. Victor slept in a wagon in the stable. he died about 1942 and Victor a short time later. They were found in their beds by the neighbors.

The Scharfs may have made the first plantings in the canyon of grapes, plums, prunes, apricots, and almonds, on the west side of the road. They probably cleared the land themselves. They made wine and vinegar and hauled it to the railroad for shipping to San Francisco.

William Regnart was the next settler in the canyon. He had been living in Santa Clara with his wife and two small children. She passed away and he later remarried and built a home where the Wrights now reside. Jessica was about eleven and Herbert, called "Bert," about nine when they arrived in the canyon with their father, William, and stepmother, Margaret Croal Regnart. She was called "Maggie". William had his land cleared and planted grapes possibly before he moved into the canyon. He built a two story home with a fireplace in the living room and the usual wood cooking stove in the kitchen. Water was piped into the house from a hillside spring, which still exists, and from a well in the creek which had a pump to get the water into a tank. There was a large barn with a buggy shelter and a winery. The grounds were well landscaped and the road was bordered with flowering lilacs near the house.

William had to purchase a right of way from Theo Scharf in order to have easy access to his property which was beyond Mr. Scharf's. Stories are told of the Scharf men guarding their property with shot guns to make certain no one trespassed on their land when there were mud slides to be cleared from the road in the winter.

While William Regnart was raising grapes and making wine, he was also raising a second family. Virginia Regnart was born in 1889 and Marjorie Regnart in 1895. William Regnart had been shipping wine to England and around 1896, he took his family and returned to England for a lengthy visit. His father was a wealthy man and the family stayed with him and also at a seaside resort called New Brighton. At length Mrs. Regnart insisted on returning to the canyon. Her sister Jenette Croal was married to J.P. Bubb and she probably was homesick for Cupertino, although she had come from Glasgow, Scotland. William wanted to stay in England. When they returned the grape vine disease phylloxera had wiped out all the vineyards. Some of the ranchers replanted with root stock imported from France, but William switched to fruit and nuts, planting almonds, prunes, apricots, and a few peaches. All work in the canyon was done with horse and plow or by hand. The hillsides were too steep even in later years for plowing with tractors. The few level areas were chosen for the dry yards where the apricots and then the prunes were spread out to dry. Apricots were cut in half, the pits removed and the halves spread carefully on trays. They were stacked and placed on a little car on wheels that was pushed on tracks into a large box with a hinged door. Sulphur was placed in a pot in a hole under the trays, set afire, the door tightly closed and the apricots remained over night, removed in the morning and laid out in the sun to dry for four or five days depending on the weather. The apricots were then sold to packing houses for distribution. Prunes were picked from the ground when they fell from the trees. The rancher's children were usually the pickers plus migrant help when needed. On the steep hillsides the buckets sometimes tipped over and spilled the prunes so laboriously gathered. This soon taught one to level off a place to make the bucket stable. At least three separate pickings were made, usually starting the second week in August and running well into September. School was postponed if there was a late crop. The trustees were very cooperative since they were ranchers also. Prunes were dipped into

a boiling lye bath. Special eqipment called dippers and graders were permanent equipment on each fruit ranch. Each dipper had a large firebox under a metal tank, or a brick lined box. The tank held the lye water and the wood fire heated the tank. A half cylinder with holes like a mesh held a box of prunes which was emptied and lowered for a few seconds into the bubbling lye water until the skin of the prunes cracked. Then the cylinder was raised and tilted over a wooden slanted area that fed the prunes into the tray. Each tray was removed and stacked on a wagon pulled by horses to the far end of the drying field where they were laid out in the sun to dry. The dried prunes were then labeled Sun Sweet or Sun Dried at the packing houses. When the prunes were dried they were stored in sheds in large piles. Then they were placed in gunny sacks (burlap bags), sewed up with twine and hauled to the packing houses. If it rained during drying season whole families jumped out of bed or up from the dinner table and rushed out to stack the trays. If they became damp they mildewed and had to be turned by hand to prevent spoilage.

About the year 1900, other people came to live in the canyon. Dr. Duncan McDougal bought land from J.P. Bubb. Dr. McDougal lived intermittently on his ranch. He built two houses, two barns, and had complete fruit drying equipment and a dry yard up on the hill near his home. At the entrance to his property a bridge crossed the creek. Here he built a house for his foreman and a large barn. This two story box style house and the big red barn are still in the canyon and in the same spot were they were constructed. This property was purchased later by Paul and Lucia de Wolfe. Lucia was an ardent nature lover and couldn't bear to see BB guns around the birds. Previous to de Wolfe's ownership, various foremen lived in the house. The late Tony Voss, Mr. and Mrs. John Montgomery from 1914 to 1919, with their two children Jack and Ruth. Mrs. Montgomery was the former Virginia Regnart who had been raised in the canyon. Then Dr. McDougal hired Harry Iwagaki to run the ranch. Harry was a handsome, pleasant, single man who corresponded with his family in Japan. His parents sent him pictures and resumes of eligible girls so Harry could choose a wife. Consequently about 1922-23 a lovely Japanese girl arrived to be his wife. She was always referred to as Harry's "picture bride" and was loved by all in the canyon. They had three chidren, Duncan,

Amy, and Junge. After the Iwagaki's left the canyon they purchased farm land near Campbell and in World War II were among the Japanese forced to relocate in the camps set up by the U S. government. They returned after the war and continued to live near Campbell. Harry died about 1969 but Bessie is still living in a lovely home in Campbell near the Pruneyard.

The Mann family arrived probably around 1908, built a house in the ravine over the west irdge. They moved onto the west ridge in 1921 remembers the room house at the base of the hill. He stated the Manns had a tank fed by gravity and the tank was always running over. This was long after the Manns were gone. Their daughter Ruby married a Mr. Winn and they moved out of the county.

A man named Day purchased land adjacent to the Mann tract and running down into the ravine which opened into Stevens Creek Canyon near the present dam. Mr. Day built a cabin in this ravine, seldom occupied it and another small cabin just above William Regnart's home at a bend in the road. A certain Mr. and Mrs. Adde rented this cabin around 1905-1910 but little is known of them. In the 1920's Mr. Bill Behre a policeman from San Francisco bought this part of the Day property. William Ziegler recalls that at that time Mr. Day was in France. Mr. Behre used the cabin for awhile and then built a cottage which he and his sister Mrs. Cato occupied. Mr. Day had also built a huge red barn. The upper part of the barn had a solid wooden floor with stairs leading up to it. The barn was demolished a number of years ago but the cottage and the original Day cabin still are occupied. The Day cabin was always referred to as the "Adde" flat. In the winter and early spring a little creek runs through the property and beautiful maiden hair fern lines the banks if it rains. In recent years Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nellis bought the property and lived in the little green cottage while building their new home higher up the hill. They have an excellent well and good water supply.

In 1902 Jessie Regnart married her cousin from England, Robert E. Regnart. He was working in San Francisco but would come down to visit his canyon relatives. An 1885 map of Cupertino shows that Robert Regnart was owner of forty acres of William Regnart's original 120 acres. Robert and Jessie built a home on this parcel and seven children were born there, Stanley, Leroy, Oswald, Doris, Berniece, Maurice, and Thelma.

This ranch was planted to prunes and apricots. His house was built near the road, across from the bridge to Dr. McDougall's property. It was surrounded by ancient huge oak trees. On the hillside were live oaks. The barn was farther up the ravine behind the house and later a bunk house was built for the four boys. His dipper and dry yard were up on the hill to the right to take advantage of some level space. Water was obtained by pumping from a well in the creek to a tank up on the hill near the present location of the Childress house. From the tank it flowed down into the house.

In 1908 Herbert William Regnart, son of William, married Anna Gagliasso of Stevens Creek Canyon. His father deeded twenty acres to him and after a short stay in Mrs. Skinner's rose covered cottage on Bubb Road he built a house up another ravine just beyond what was called Bob's Hill. He had to go up a fairly steep road until the land spread out into a large flat area. He built his first house on what turned out to be swampy land due to an excellent spring at the base of a hill which in rainy weather made the land too damp. Blackberry vines covered a large area here near the well and served to fill many a pie and jelly jar, also fresh berries with cream from the Jersey cow. In about a year after Margaret was born he moved the house down to drier land and it remained there until about 1942. Here he kept adding onto the house each time a baby was born until he had nine rooms. The middle room of the square had to have a sky light. It had been the living room of the first house and was beautifully papered with handsomely designed paper. Neighbors and relatives called it the "Winchester House" after the famous house of Sarah Winchester. In this house were born Hazel, Eva, Alice, Herbert William Jr. and Donald. On this ranch were a variety of fruits, pears, peaches, plums, apricots, many almonds, lemons and the usual prunes. Mrs. Regnart planted two cherry trees but they died. She also had quince bushes and raised an excellent vegetable garden.

In about 1915 a Mr. A. J. Dickey bought the Mann property. Mr. Henry Ziegler recalls that Mr. Dickey was editor of the Pacific Rural Press, a magazine regularly seen in the Herbert Regnart Sr.'s home. Its format was somewhat like a newspaper. In 1921 Mr. John Ziegler, Henry's brother, bought the eighty acres from Mr. Dickey for $12,000. Only thirty acres were under cultivation and in orchard at that time. Mr. Dickey had built a two

room house just below the west ridge and on the west side. It was much farther up the hill from the Mann house. The tank the Manns had used was moved up above the house and a pump installed to raise the water in the tank. The house was enlarged and John and Henry and the older boys planted more trees. Mr. Herbert Regnart Jr. recently unearthed the remains of the old Mann house, a portion of a small bridge, and located old fruit trees down in the ravine on the east side across from the west ridge. John and Emma Ziegler had eight children. Only two of them were born on the ridge, Margaret and Corinne, the youngest. In 1928 the Ziegler family moved down into the canyon very close to the road on a five acre piece of land sandwiched between the old William Regnart ranch and Herbert Regnart Sr.'s place. It had been inherited by Marjorie Regnart from her father. At one time the older Mr. Regnart had built a small two room cabin there, planted eucalyptus trees and lemons. Ivy covered the banks. The purchase price as William Ziegler recalls was $850.00. Marjorie Regnart and her mother were then living in Willow Glen. William had passed away about 1916 and the original home was sold to a Mr. Strange. It was owned in turn by Mr. and Mrs. Danielson from Iowa and their son Fred who later married and his son, now Dr. Robert Danielson of Los Altos was born in the old Regnart house about 1922. The Danielson's sold to Mr. List, then to the Weyerhauser's. Mrs. Weyerhauser was the former Mildred Ziegler. Then it became Mr. Brush's property and finally to the Wrights. Mr. Brush tore down the old house of William Regnart's and built a very lovely modern home on the same spot. Large old trees surround the house.

From 1886 to 1909 William Regnart's children attended Lincoln School on the corner of Prospect Road and Highway Nine. As Marjorie Regnart was finishing up at Lincoln School, Stanley Regnart, Robert's oldest son was starting. The children had to walk about three miles each way by trail, road and railway track. The trail ran along the east bank of Regnart Creek to a point across from Candy Rock Mountain, then up a little hill and down through J.P. Bubb's place to what is now Rainbow Drive to the railroad track as far as Prospect Road and then east on prospect to Highway Nine where the Bank of America is now located. The four daughters of Herbert Regnart attended Lincoln School as well as the seven children of Robert Regnart. In 1921 four small local schools were

conscoidated into the one large Cupertino Union School at Cupertino on Stevens Creek Road and Vista Drive. All the children then walked down Regnart Cayon, with fear and trepidation crossing by the home of the Scharf brothers and sometimes on a hot day standing in the shade of a huge fruited mulberry tree for a brief moment, on the way back up the dusty road. In the winter mud, old shoes were worn and left in the mailboxes at the end of the road and worn again on the way home to save the school shoes. The mailman must have been very patient. The bus came to the entrance of Regnart road and the children had to be there by 7:30 A.M. It was usually 4:45 P.M. before they arrived at home. The Ziegler children, until 1928, had the longest walk and all uphill on the way home. They took short cuts wherever possible. In the evenings there was a lot of school homework to do, no television or radios to distract from the tasks in hand, consequently no remedial teachers or poor readers. Evenings were spent learning multiplication tables and then a few games, if there was any time, like checkers or cards. It was early to bed by kerosene light so they make it to the early bus on time. If it rained very hard Mr. Herbert Regnart often hitched up the horse and buggy and drove to meet his children and transport them home.

Around 1922 Herbert Regnart learned that 20 acres of the original 160 acres purchased for the four Regnart brothers in 1872, were for sale by a Mr. Herrold. Ther was no house or well but he bought the land which was in prunes, both French and Imperial, and apricots. He constructed a dry yard, dipper and store house and farmed this each year, but continued living up the canyon. In the 1930's he sold the east six acres across the creek to Dale de Selms, principal of Monte Vista High School. Mr. De Selms built his home on a hill after 1945. In 1941 or '42 Mr. Regnart sold the rest of the canyon property to Cecil Mahon. Mr. Mahon tore down Herbert Regnart's old home and constructed another in the same location. He also removed the big barn.

Robert Regnart passed away in 1939 and in 1940-41 his nephew Herbert Regnart Jr. purchased that forty acres. Robert's wife Jessie moved to Cupertino and passed away at the age of 87 in 1962. When Mr. Mahon bought the Senior Regnart's property, Herbert Regnart Sr. and his wife moved temporarily into the Robert Regnart house. Later a new house was erected here for Herbert Regnart Jr. and his wife Mae. When he sold

that house he moved high up on the hill--the first owner in the canyon to build for the view since A.J. Dickey back in 1916-18. Since then Herbert Jr. has sold land to Mr. Ivan Zarevich at the very top of the ridge on the site of "Flyboy" Floyd Oldbury's crop dusting air strip where he kept a small plane. Mr. and Mrs. Childress also live on part of Robert Regnart's old place. In the early years there was no electricity up the canyon. Kerosene lamps and candles prevailed. Wood burning cooking and heating stoves supplied the heat for winter. Clothes were washed by hand on wash boards in tubs and boilers. Ironing was done with old style flat irons heated on the stove. Bath water was often heated on the stoves until pipes were put in cooking stoves and the water circulated through the stove and back out to a hot water tank. Food could be kept a short while in coolers, a small pantry in a shady corner of the kitchen. The cooler had holes bored in the floor and screened shelves to let cool air circulate. Meat could be kept uncooked only two days. In the winter, 100lb. sacks of flour and large quantities of rice and beans were bought and stored. The Arch Wilson Store in the 1900's and early 1920's delivered groceries up the canyon once a week except in winter. Stanley Regnart was one of the delivery boys.

In 1929 Paul de Wolfe spearheaded a drive for electricity up the canyon and the P.G.&E. put in the line after the ranchers paid a stipulated sum of money. The ranchers were pressed for cash but somehow they raised the money. At that time there were only Robert Regnart, Herbert Regnart, Paul de Wolfe, and Danielsons and Zieglers living in the canyon. The Scharf brothers were there but probably did not install electricity. Herbert Regnart Sr. Lived the longest distance from the main road and had to put in his own pole and pay an additional $125.00 to get lights in his house.

The horse and buggy days lasted until just after World War I. About 1919 Robert Regnart bought his first car. Then John Montgomery bought a car and moved to Cupertino. Herbert Regnart bought a stately second hand Franklin car big enough to accomodate his family but unfortunately it balked and wheezed until he traded it on a new Chevrolet. Since he lived so far up the hill, in the winter he couldn't drive to the top so he built a second garage at the foot of the hill to house his car in bad weather. Even

the main road was deep rutted and impassable many winter days. The road had to be ditched to turn aside the run off water and culverts put in for drainage.

As the old owners sold and the new people moved in the orchards were gradually abandoned. The new residents held jobs in, the valley and ranching was not very profitable in the hills. Prune pickers didn't want to work the steep hill sides. Pruning trees was hard work. The price of fruit throughout the years fluctuated up and down. Some years the ranchers went into debt for pruning, spraying, harvesting and then realized no profit. Herbert Regnart Jr. ranched until 1950, then turned his remaining acres over to stables, horses and pasture land. He roamed far and wide renting land for raising hay.

He also has used heavy equipment to build roads. He still raises some crops on rented land. The last of his acres are destined for homes in the near future.

In 1942 Herbert Regnart Sr. and his wife Anna started building on the 20 acres on Bubb Road, the same 20 acres purchased by his grandfather in 1872 as part of the original 140 acres. They moved there and continued to raise prunes and apricots until his death in 1958. About that same time the Cupertino School District bought ten acres of that property for a school which was named Regnart school in remembrance of pioneer William Regnart. Later nine acres went into subdivision homes. Mrs. Regnart kept one acre and her own home. She had the old house torn down and built a modern house in 1965 and enjoyed it until her death there in 1971. Virginia Regnart Montgomery died the same year. Douglas Regnart had passed away about 1962. Marjorie Regnart, the last of William Regnart's children is still living, age 82, in Pacific Grove. Anna Regnart bequeathed her home to Eva Regnart Wasson who lives there with her husband Ernest Wasson making a reather round about way from the first Regnart to the present Regnart, covering a span of about 105 years.

The Mid peninsula Regional Open Space District has purchased the east side of the original William Reganart place up the canyon. It is gratifying to know that the land will go back to wilderness, the brush will take over and the animals have cover. Part of the large Day Ranch is also park land. Mr. Nellis, present owner of the Mann property

and part of the Day property is dedicating several acres to open space. So comes the close of another era, from wildernell to cultivation and back to wilderness.

The west ridge destined for homes on five acre parcels, may become more beautiful than before if people plant firs and pines as Mr. Mahon has done on his property. When the orchards were cultivated few wild animals were seen. Coyotes could be heard howling in the distant hills. If trees and gardens are planted the animals will be back for food and water. The raccoons and skunks will vie for food as they do now on the terrace of Herbert and Mae Regnart's home up in the hills of Regnart Canyon.

Rodrigues Family

Grandma tell me about your life and my ancestors

When I look at my Grandson Michael's face and listen to him asking me to write about my life and his ancestors I smile and tell him I will someday. For no reason other than to please my dear Michael and having reached my 84th birthday I would like to tell him about my life and his ancestors.

I am now the last of my Portuguese family, my mom, my dad, my brother John and my two sisters Alice and Dorothy have all passed on.

We were the Rodrigues family of Cupertino. To our credit my brother John and I were part of the original group who decided Cupertino should be a city and not annexed to San Jose. I shall to the best of my senior mind try to remember the things I am sure will be of interest to the rest of my family and friends.

My father John Rodrigues was in the Portuguese Army, my mother Mary worked for the only doctor in Funchal Madeira. My mom was the oldest of 13 children and was offered a job to work for the doctor. In those days there were no drugs to treat people who came to his office, they used herbs. The years 1910 to 1917 showed my mom that some illnesses could be cured with herbs. One thing I learned from my mom is that many of the people that came to the Santa Clara Valley from Portugal would seek her out for advice and help on what type of herbs to use to help cure their sicknesses. My mom told me that the doctor was a very educated man and had many talks with her about the future and about opportunities in the United States.

My mom and dad were neighbors who lived down the street from each other, they decided to get married and go to the United States as the doctor told her that the future was in America.

Leaving their beautiful tropical island of Madeira was scary. It meant leaving all their families behind and maybe never seeing them again. Madeira was a small island, 400 miles off the coast of Africa; it is 25 miles long and 15 miles wide, they raised bananas, mangoes and pineapple.

My grandparents on my mother's side were named John Fernandez Aguiar and Mary Fernandez Aguiar they had 13 children and on my fathers side Antonio Rodrigues and Mary Rodrigues, they had 6 children. We have family all over the world, America, Portugal, Angola, Brazil and Africa.

My mom and dad had a very poor upbringing; they had lots of love but with such a large family food was scarce. They raised their own vegetables, sweet potatoes, corn, collards and fruit. They ate fish and sweet and white potatoes every day as their steady diet and lots of fruit, their diet was very healthy.

My folks had no schooling as there were no schools. My dad learned to sign his name in the Army and he was really very proud of that. My mom and dad were 21 when they got married and soon after decided to go to America. My mom said all she kept on hearing was the doctor saying to her, go to America; your children will have a future there.

My mom and dad got on a Dutch ship to America and fought a hurricane on the way over. They landed in New Bedford in 1918. Not knowing anyone there, they rented a room and found a job in a cotton factory. My mom and dad both worked there and spent very little money. They saved their money because they decided to go back to Madeira Island because the awful cold in New Bedford was too much for them.

A friend of my dads told them about California, that it was like Madeira, lots of sunshine and fresh fruit. My mom and dad decided to go to California before they gave up on America.

My mom and dad were both 21 and not great travelers. They decided to get on a train and not knowing where to go packed their food and cloths and said their prayers and boarded the train. They had very little money so they ate the food they packed. Some of the people on the train felt sorry for them and would give them food from the dinning car. When people asked where they were going all they kept saying was California, people asked where in California and they would say California. It was a long trip and they really didn't know where they would get off at. My mom told me that she would get up each morning and look out of the window and see so much dry land and weeds she would cry because she said that nothing she saw looked like their tropical island of Madeira.

After days of riding the train they were happy to finally see fruit trees. My mom and dad were so happy they decided to get off the train at the next stop. They grabbed their suitcase and got off at the next stop and walked back to where they saw the fruit trees and went up to the large farm house and knocked on the door. My mom and dad didn't speak English, a man opened the door and asked what they wanted, and my dad pointed to himself and said work-work and then pointed to my mom and said work-work. The man Mr. Moore looked at both of them and pointed to the trees and said to my dad apricots and prunes, you can do work, my dad said yes and then he asked my mom if she could clean house and my mom said yes. Mr. Moore took them to an old chicken house and got them an old mattress and told them that they could work for him.

My folks were happy working for Mr. Moore in Coyote. They worked hard and loved it because the weather was warm like Madera and not cold like New Bedford. During their stay in Coyote my mom became pregnant and had a son, he was 1 year old and became ill and passed away. My mom and dad decided they would like to be closer to a hospital so they started looking near Santa Clara and San Jose because they had Portuguese friends in the area.

My mom and dad had saved their money and my dad decided he wanted his own little ranch. They found this small ranch in Cupertino; it had a farm house and 5 ½ acres of apricots and prunes and enough land to plant other fruit. They were happy and our family started to grow, my brother John and sisters Alice and Dorothy and myself Mary Ann. My Aunt and Uncle were killed and my mom and dad took in their son Manuel and daughter Alice. It was tight for all of us living in this small home, but we loved it. We had chickens, pigs and rabbits and we ate well. Mama was a great cook and we never went hungry.

It was the depression and many people were hungry. Mom baked bread every day and I remember many knocks on our door by Ho-Bo's who had come to California from all over the United States, they would ask my mom for food and would work chopping wood or anything else she wanted them to do. During the depression the government sent a truck to the farms with flower, sugar and pork and beans in case we were hungry. My mom and dad always said no, we had enough to feed us. She always told the truck drivers to give it to someone

else who is hungry and needs it. My mom and dad always had that proud feeling that we never asked for welfare. My dad was a good farmer and loved the land. He was offered a job at a 25 acre ranch owned by Mr. & Mrs. Norman Scofield of Palo Alto, Mrs. Scofield's father was Mr. McCray; he was the early land grant surveyor for California and Mr. Scofield was the Fish & Game Commissioner for the State of California. He predicted that the canneries in Monterey would all shut down if they did not control their Sardine Fishing and that is exactly what happened, it was not John Steinbeck that made that predication, it was Mr. Scofield. Mr. Scofield traveled all over California because part of his job was to inspect the canneries. Mr. Scofield new that the Portuguese were great fish eaters, we were so lucky because Mr. & Mrs. Scofield did not like fish so when he returned from his trips to the canneries he would always give use Abalone, Oysters, Crabs and Fish; we were the happiest eating our barbecued Sardines and Mama's home made bread and fried Abalone.

Mr. & Mrs. Scofield were so happy that my dad was taking care of their beautiful orchard for 19 cents an hour. My mom and dad made us all help in the orchard, those were wonderful days, we were happy.

After working for the Scofield's for 10 years my father had a chance to buy a 12 acre ranch so he talked to Mr. & Mrs. Scofield about possibly leaving the ranch and moving. Mrs. Scofield was so upset over my dad not being her Forman because she really thought a lot of our family so she and her husband decided to have a talk with my mom & dad. The Scofield's told my mom & dad that they were getting older and that we had been so loyal to them that she wanted my dad to buy the ranch. My mom and dad looked at each other and told her that they did not have that much money to buy the ranch. They both said did we ask you for money, you can pay us when you and your family make money to pay us. We were all stunned, so we now owned the best ranch in Cupertino and not a penny did we pay for it. We bought the ranch for $25,000.00 for 25 acres and paid the ranch off in two years.

Mom always tried to tell us when you are kind and honest to people god watches over you. Mrs. Scofield was always kind to us, she had many friends in Palo Alto who gave us outgrown clothes and shoes. Our years working for the Scofields was a great adventure, she and her husband were the true

Americans who treated us with respect and kindness; my folks often said "God Bless Them".

We had a good home life, my mom was a great mom and my dad was a well liked and respected man. He was a great wine maker; he made 600 gallons of wine a year and he had many friends that would stop by for Madeira wine. Judges, Lawyers, and Police Officers were all his friends, they would all drop by for a gallon of 27 proof Madeira wine. Mom was a great housekeeper, we had a Maytag washer with rollers and an icebox to keep food cold and her bread that she baked was great.

We grew tomatoes, apricots, plums, prunes and walnuts on the ranch and would sell all the fruit to the canneries. On Sundays my brother and I would get up early and pick tomatoes in 22 pound lugs and would sell about 50 boxes every Sunday. My brother John was 14 and I was 15 and we set up a little fruit stand and all of our customers would drive down from San Francisco to Cupertino to buy our tomatoes; most of our customers owned large restaurants in San Francisco and told us our tomatoes were the best in the west. The tomato seeds were from Europe and we sold a 22 pound lug for 75 cents.

We all worked together but my brother John and I worked on the ranch starting in January. We pruned our trees which meant we had to gather all the cut limbs and old branches so the trees could bear fruit. Then we had to put out oil pots because when the blossoms bloomed if it got to cold we had to light pots and burn the oil to save our fruit, it was a dirty job but this was our lively hood.

We were at war when I was in High School; all of us went to Fremont High. My Sister Alice met a solider who was stationed at our high school gym; we had soldiers stationed in our orchards and empty buildings because everyone feared an invasion by the Japanese through Half Moon Bay. After High school my brother John went into the Army and I worked for Safeway in San Jose.

After the war my brother John returned from the Army and my folks and my brother decided to build some homes on the ranch, it was a building boom right after the war because soldiers were coming home and had no place to live; we couldn't build houses fast enough.

My dad decided we needed a new grocery store so he told my husband Phil and me that he would build us a store and we could pay him back when we could. I loved working for Safeway but I had to tell my boss I was leaving, he was very sad. We named our store Town & Country Market it was located on Highway 9 in our little town of Cupertino.

Our Town of Cupertino was growing and Los Altos was growing and new businesses were coming into our area. San Jose was stretching its wings and decided they wanted to annex our area. It so happens they wanted to cross Highway 9 and take over the Permanente Company and then cross over to Los Altos. My mom and dad owned another ranch on Bollinger Road and Blaney in Cupertino, the only piece of land that San Jose could purchase to cross over Highway 9 and travel all the way to Los Altos. The old timers in Cupertino got wind of this and decided that they did not want to get annexed to San Jose. My folks were approached about selling there land and when they found out why San Jose wanted their property they refused to sell. At that time my brother John, my husband Phil and I decided that we wanted Cupertino to become our own City so we started the ball rolling by getting all the land owners together to vote no on the annexation, we had an election and we won. I am so proud that my Family was involved in creating the Town of Cupertino and to our credit our Family name is part of the City, a wonderful place to live. Rodrigues Ave. is part of the City Halls project; my brother John was the original developer of the City of Cupertino. There has been a few books written about forming the City of Cupertino and I can honestly say that the writers don't know what they are talking about.

I saw our farms taken over by large electronic companies such as Apple Computer, Hewitt Packard and many others; we used to say that our beautiful farms became asphalt jungles. Life in Cupertino will never be the same or as beautiful as when I was growing up.

I remember as a young girl after our hard work on the farm all year that we would always take 1 week to go to Big Sur. Our friends Mr. & Mrs. Brazil who lived on the beach and had large trees on their property that we would camp under. We would gather mussels and abalone and every night we would cook our food over a campfire, Mr. Brazil would always kill a deer and would bring it to our camp and we would barbeque the deer and eat seafood and my dad and I would surf fish, it was

always a great vacation. I feel I lived the best years and I remember going from a small farm community when I was growing up to Silicon Valley and I look at this and say I am proud of being a part of it.

I now live in Walnut Creek Manor a retirement center in Walnut Creek, California. I am near my children, my daughter Kathy is near and has a job with a large company, my son Jim lives in Stockton and visit's often and my son Rick lives with his wife and his 3 sons in Danville. His sons, John, David and Michael are in college and they are the loves of my life. A grandmother has a right to be proud of her grandsons and I am indeed.

Mary Ann Kiper

Anton Saich Family
By Henrietta Marcotte
June 1990

Anton Saich, born October 11, 1863 in Bolubinica, Yugoslavia, had three sons, John, Peter, and Anton, whose occupations were farming.

Anton was a seafaring man, making trips on sailing vessels to different parts of the world. At the age of 25, in July 1889, he left home to visit friends in Philadelphia. After a short stay, Anton was on his way to California.

For a year, he worked in the San Francisco hotel business, but that was not to his liking, so he took up farming again. He worked on ranches near Watsonville and Capitola and then came to Santa Clara County, where he settled in Cupertino, working for wages.

Anton purchased 22 1/2 acres of land on Stevens Creek Road just east of the Enoch J. Parrish property (now Memorial Park). The land originally was owned by H. L. Harrison and then W. H. Lowe A home, barn and winery was built. The land was planted in grapes, prunes, peaches, apricots and cherries. A deep water well was a big asset to the ranch.

In 1901, he married Anne Kucher at Villa Maria Chapel on Stevens Canyon road. His bride died, however, in 1902, leaving an infant son, Anton Jr., who grew to be his father's right hand man.

Sometime later, Anton senior remarried. The family grew to four more children: Mary Saich Jelesko, Frances Saich, Anne Saich Mise and John Saich.

The Saich acreage was increased with the purchase of 110 acres on Stevens Creek Road closer to the Crossroads. This land was first owned by G. E. Buckman, then E. A. Wheeler and his daughter Mrs. Tena Goodrich (Fred). This orchard of moorpark and blemheim apricots produced choice fruit. Anton had a large stucco home, styled like the family home in Yugoslavia, built for his family.

His sons carried on their father's ranching business under the name of Saich Bros.

Anton Saich Jr. married Anne Bager in 1928 at the St. Joseph Church in Cupertino. Their first home was the ranch, a large shingled house surounded by orange trees. (In 1962 Gemco built the department store there - now Target). Their family consisted of three children: Robert, Lorraine Saich Sousa and Ralph.

Robert and Ralph have been ranching in other parts of the state. Lorraine's husband George Sousa is associated with the Paul Mariani Co. He is also a farmer and a dried fruit packer.

Anton and Anne's family consists of nine grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

The Robert W. Quinlan Community now stands on property that once belonged to the Saich family. The center is located at 10185 Stelling Road, just north of Stevens Creek Boulevard. To honor the family that grew and prospered on that site, a cherry tree was planted in March at a dedication ceremony for the new building.

Shoppe

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The Carl Schoppe Family
Compiled by Marie Schoppe Bartee
March 14, 1991

Carl Schoppe was born in 1891 in San Francisco to Katherine Jane Meyerholz and her husband, Karl Von Schoppe, a "soldier of fortune" refugee from the Prussian Army who was not overly fond of work. The young couple had frequent financial problems and Katherine worked for a time as a milliner for H. Liebes in San Francisco. During these periods, Carl was sent to stay with his grandmother Meyerholz and his Auntie "Em" in Cupertino. There he attended San Antonio School and started Santa Clara High School. Out of necessity, he delivered the morning paper on his bicycle and helped on the ranch, but found that the long days made studying next to impossible. The family decided to send him to Los Angeles to live with the Southern California branch of the Meyerholz family. He worked in his uncle's stationery store until he learned he could make much more money driving a taxi cab. This was an exciting time for a young man, and he often spoke of driving "Death Valley Scotty" and movie stars of the 1910's. However. his grandmother and Aunti Em were having difficulty operating their acreage and prevailed upon Carl to return to Cupertino. During one of his earlier visits home he had met Cotilda Walter, a young woman from San Jose, who was spending the summer cutting 'cots for family friends, the Abels. Upon on his return, the acquaintance blossomed. "Tillie" worked as a dental assistant in Palo Alto and commuted on the Interurban Line. She would often stop over on Saturday after work and Auntie Em prepared picnic lunches, such as she had never had experienced, for Sunday excursions. Carl and Tillie were married in 1919 at a simple civil ceremony in San Jose. They expanded the tank house adjacent to the Meyerholz home and made that their first home. The interior walls were sheets of cheesecloth stretched between the studs and covered with wallpaper. A beautiful bower of pink baby roses cascaded over the sleeping porch.

Realizing that he now had responsibilities, Carl contracted with several property owners to farm their lands on a share basis. In 1928, a daughter, Marie, was born, and in the same year they acquired a tractor, washing machine, and indoor plumbing. In 1929, they purchased 30 acres adjacent to the Parrish property on Homestead Road. Many difficult years lay ahead, but hard work and the foresight to modernize, to build his own dehydrator and handle crops for others, enabled them to prosper.

Carl had always wanted a monkey for a pet, and after delivering a load of prunes and collecting payment, he stopped at a pet store in San Jose and came home with "Mickey". The antics of this addition to the family brought much laughter and entertainment. After a while, Mickey developed some bad habits and was given to the Holy City Zoo. In 1938, Carl and Tillie built a two-bedroom, California-style house on their 30-acre parcel. Although he didn't have a formal education, Carl was an avid reader, and the National Geographic, Saturday Evening Post, Readers' Digest, and other publications were always to be found in their home. He loved poetry, particularly Omar Kayam, Robert Service, and Longfellow. An outdoorsman, he enjoyed fishing and hunting and recalled fishing in Permanente Creek and hunting quail in Heney's vineyard. Tillie loved her home, family, and garden. She enjoyed setting a beautiful table with her finest china, silver, and crystal. She was a marvelous cook - her lemon pie was a masterpiece. Although she was not quite the outdoors person that Carl was, she enjoyed their years of camping in Yosemite, the Pacific Northwest, and Canada. She continued to live in the home they built in 1948 on the property acquired by Christian Meyerholz in 1880, until her death in 1982 at the age of 87, after a long battle with cancer. Her husband, Carl Schoppe, had died in 1966.

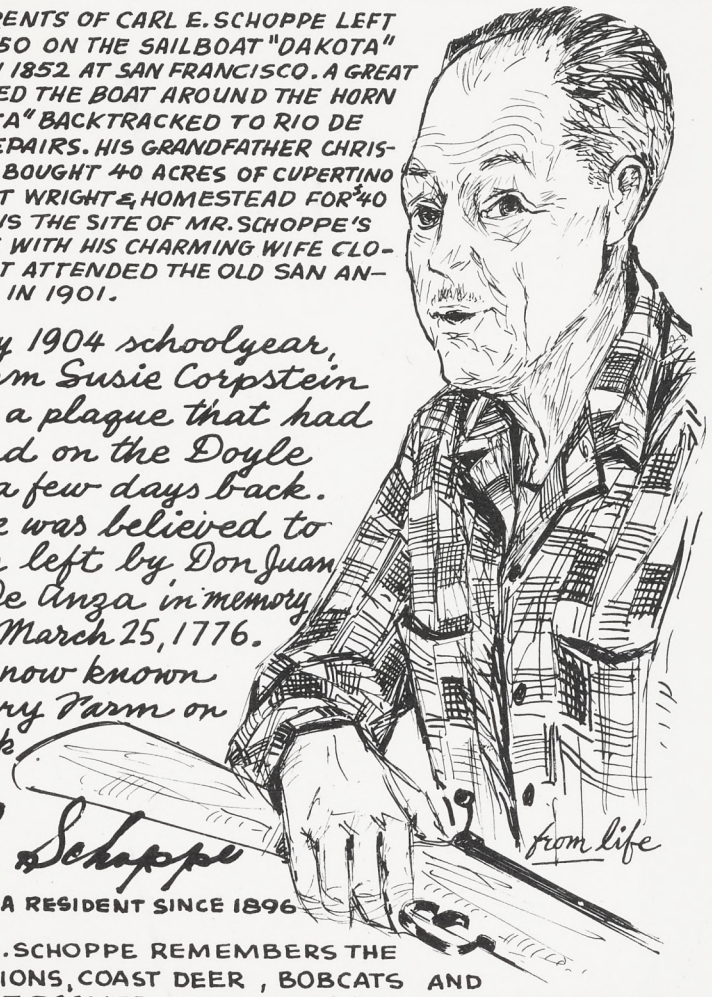
Schoppe Family dog "Doc" with "Mickey"

Carl Schoppe, c.1930

The Human Touch

by — — — A. "Pete" Emig

THE GRANDPARENTS OF CARL E. SCHOPPE LEFT NEW YORK IN 1850 ON THE SAILBOAT "DAKOTA" AND ARRIVED IN 1852 AT SAN FRANCISCO. A GREAT STORM DAMAGED THE BOAT AROUND THE HORN AND THE "DAKOTA" BACKTRACKED TO RIO DE JANEIRO FOR REPAIRS. HIS GRANDFATHER CHRISTIAN MYERHOLZ BOUGHT 40 ACRES OF CUPERTINO LAND IN 1880 AT WRIGHT & HOMESTEAD FOR $40 PER ACRE. THIS IS THE SITE OF MR. SCHOPPE'S PRESENT HOME WITH HIS CHARMING WIFE CLOTILDA. HE FIRST ATTENDED THE OLD SAN ANTONIO SCHOOL IN 1901.



"During my 1904 schoolyear, Schoolmarm Susie Corpstein showed us a plaque that had been found on the Doyle property a few days back. The plaque was believed to have been left by Don Juan Bautista De Anza in memory of his stay, March 25, 1776. on what is now known as Blackberry Farm on Stevens Creek Road."

Carl E. Schoppe

CUPERTINO AREA RESIDENT SINCE 1896

OLDTIMER MR. SCHOPPE REMEMBERS THE CALIFORNIA LIONS, COAST DEER, BOBCATS AND COYOTES THAT ROAMED AROUND THE SAN ANTONIO SCHOOL AREA. THE WILD MUSTARD PLANTS THAT YOU SEE TODAY CAME FROM SEEDS ONCE PLANTED BY PADRES AS ROAD MARKERS FOR SUBSEQUENT MISSION JOURNEYS.

BLOSSOM TIME
CUPERTINO CAL

Orchard Supply Company, Ltd. No. 114

This is to Certify that C. E. Schoffe

of Cupertino

is a member of the ORCHARD SUPPLY COMPANY, LIMITED, *a non-profit Cooperative, Corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and is entitled to all of the rights and subject to all the obligations as set forth in the By-Laws of said Corporation.*

Dated at San Jose, California, the 19th *day of* September, 1931

Lewis W Armstrong

PRESIDENT